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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE rebels' advance on Madrid has been stubbornly contested, and though, failing a miracle, they may count on its capture, their victory promises to be an appallingly bloody one. There is no sign of a miracle from without. The British Labour Movement, following the International, is now demanding that the embargo on arms for the Spanish Republic shall be lifted. But there is no likelihood of the British Government, or the French, yielding to the demand. The Non-Intervention Committee is arguing and quarrelling over the charges and counter-charges of breaches of the neutrality agreement. It is still not clear whether Mr. Maisky's protests and declarations, which the Committee has found so ambiguous, mean that Russia is preparing to supply munitions openly to the Spanish Government. If she did that the curtain would come down with a bump on the tragic farce of "European neutrality," and the stage would be set for a new and even grimmer drama. Meanwhile Portugal, annoyed, or pretending to be annoyed, by her treatment in the Committee, has given notice that she may withdraw at any moment. And there are repeated whispers of Mussolini's plans for launching an attack on Catalonia from the Balearics, which, according to the Spanish Government, are in the complete possession of Italy.

Black and Brown and Red

Count Ciano's visit to Berlin has left the world guessing about the extent of Italo-German agreement. Hitler's recognition of the Italian conquest of Abyssinia is a gesture that has no primary political importance, and the same thing may be said of the joint fulminations against Communism. The Fascist dictators are, of course, at one in their objection to a "Red Spain." But it is far from certain that Mussolini wants to go the whole hog against Soviet Russia, and the Germans, on their side, are equally reluctant to support any large Italian ambitions in the Mediterranean which would antagonise Great Britain. There are serious difficulties, too, in the way of a complete understanding and co-operation in southern and central Europe. We believe, then—and the belief is confirmed by evidence from Berlin and from Rome—that while the *rapprochement* is considerable on the face of it, it has at present more face than body. The aim of German policy is still to keep on the right side of Britain, and Britain is not yet a Fascist State—though Herr von Ribbentrop, the new German Ambassador, will no doubt do what he can to convert us. He began, indeed, on his

arrival last Monday, by instructing us about Communism as "the real danger to the British Empire." But this impertinence has not had a good press, and a great many people are looking askance at an Ambassador who plays two parts. Herr von Ribbentrop is ostensibly here to represent the German Reich. But he is also the director of the "Ribbentrop Bureau," which is in effect one of the principal propagandist organs of the National-Socialist Party. He had better forget this while he is in London, or there may be trouble.

"The March on Brussels"

M. van Zeeland dished the Rexists very thoroughly last Sunday. The "march on Brussels" of 250,000 of M. Degrelle's Fascists was to be the signal for the fall of the Government and the end of the democratic regime in Belgium. As it turned out there was no march; there was very little disorder in the city; and the only casualty recorded was a Communist shot in the leg by a Rexist. M. Degrelle himself made a speech, which few could hear, from an upper window, and was then arrested and later released, since there was no desire to let him pose as a martyr. The people of Brussels kept their heads throughout, and the great majority applaud the Government for its prudence and energy. But the Rexists, if they have been scotched, have not been killed. They can, and do, make a boast of the fact that the most elaborate precautions were necessary to defeat their project, and they doubtless have other troubles for the Government up their sleeve. They have been considerably fortified by their *rapprochement* with the Flemings and by the sympathy of the Catholic Right. But it may be that the affection of the Flemings, who, of course, are not all fascistically-minded, will cool off if they are satisfied that the Government's policy is not to tie Belgium to the chariot wheel of France.

The Front Populaire and the Budget

M. Blum's Government is distinctly stronger as a result of last week's Radical Congress. There was an attempt by the right-wing Radicals to pack the Congress against the Government by sending up delegations from weak Radical Federations with expenses paid and "all found." The natural consequence of the manoeuvre was to bring the Radical leaders down on the Government's side; for M. Herriot is as well aware as M. Daladier that the collapse of the Front Populaire just now would be as dangerous to the unity of the Radical Party as to France itself. Given a fresh mandate by the Radicals, M. Vincent Auriol is now proceeding with his plans for the reform of the tax system. His aim is to simplify the taxes, and thus economise on the present high costs of collection, and at the same time to placate the *petite bourgeoisie* both by more steeply graduated taxation of the larger incomes and by replacing the turnover tax, which bears heavily on small shopkeepers, by a tax on commodities, levied preferably at the wholesale stage. Counting on higher revenue as a result of economic expansion after devaluation, M. Auriol hopes to balance his ordinary budget, and at the same time to offer relief to civil servants and small traders and other groups whose support is essential to the Front Populaire. With the Treasury now in easier circumstances as a result of the profits of devaluation, he should be able to realise his hopes.

The Presidential Election

American opinion seems to be fairly unanimous in expecting that Mr. Roosevelt will be re-elected next Tuesday. His popularity, which had been waning, has been restored by the irresistible smile. The Republicans spent lavishly in the effort to "sell" Mr. Landon, but his rather wooden personality and his unpleasing voice and accent were heavy obstacles. He chose to base his attack mainly on the lavish expenditure of the New Deal. That may win the wealthy taxpayer, but it terrifies the "forgotten man," who has benefited by this spending and hopes to benefit more. Mr. Landon's only chance of victory depends on the exercise of intimidation by big employers on their staffs, a process visibly at work in some pivotal States, notably Pennsylvania. The method is to require every employee to wear Republican colours on pain of dismissal. On the other hand, there has occurred a remarkable rally of all the progressive forces to Mr. Roosevelt. Many leading intellectuals, who would normally vote Socialist or Communist, are supporting him on the ground that Labour will be able to consolidate itself in the next four years under a friendly administration. Trade Unionists, with Mr. Lewis at their head, are backing him officially and unanimously as they did not four years ago. The risk that the followers of Father Coughlin and Dr. Townsend will gather a big vote for inflation and Mr. Lemke seems very much less than at one time it looked. The real danger is not so much that Mr. Roosevelt may fail to be re-elected, as that his majority in the lower House may be seriously diminished.

The Government and the Blackshirts

We print on another page a letter describing a recent Blackshirt meeting in Hampstead. Several other statements from citizens who were present on this occasion have reached us; they corroborate our correspondent's allegations about Fascist provocation and unfortunately also bear out his statement that the most civil words to the police were met with violence and threats. Government spokesmen have told us that the conflict in the East End is between two bands of equally responsible extremists. The appearance of hooliganism in Hampstead should be enough to expose the pretence. Leeds, Manchester, Bristol, East London and Hampstead were free from any such incidents until organised provocation was imported by the Blackshirts. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Government's projected Bill will not make recent disorders an excuse for any general restriction of civil liberties and we understand that this point was fully appreciated by some members of the Labour delegation which waited on Sir John Simon last week. The simple fact is that Sir Oswald Mosley and his friends have made themselves a public nuisance, provoked violence of a type new to British politics, and introduced a poisonous racial intolerance which is a general menace to law and order. We hear—and we hope it is true—that political uniforms are going to be prohibited. The proposal to give the police powers to close areas against political demonstrations is unnecessary and dangerous. The Home Secretary and the police have adequate powers; all we ask is that they should be used against those who provoke violence. They are already used where the police think Communist agitation may lead to a breach of the peace: they have not been used with equal rigour against Fascists.

Factory Law Reform

The Government are pledged to introduce a new Factories Bill in the coming session, and we trust that the rumour that this pledge is going to be broken is without foundation. New legislation is long overdue. The last consolidating Factory Act was put on the Statute Book thirty-five years ago, and in a number of important points it is badly out of date. We are glad to see that an influential committee known as "The Factories Bill Campaign" has been formed, under the chairmanship of Miss Gertrude Tuckwell, to stimulate and instruct public opinion, in order that the measure which passes Parliament may be an adequate one. Among the outstanding reforms demanded by the Campaign (and they are supported by other expert bodies such as the Committee on Wage-earning Children) are the reduction of hours of work for women and young persons under 18; a drastic limitation of overtime for women and its complete abolition for juveniles; and the raising of the minimum age of entry into factory employment to 15 (or to the school-leaving age if that should be higher). Other improvements in the way of health, safety and comfort are, of course, wanted—and for men as well as women and juveniles—but these are outstanding. It is a shocking thing, to take only one example, that not merely does the law allow 10 hours of work per day for boys and girls in their 'teens, but that great numbers of them, as the last Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories shows, are actually working to those limits.

Municipal Elections

The municipal elections take place next Monday. In the majority of areas, the Labour Party is in the position of defending the gains made in 1933, after the serious defeats which followed the national electoral disaster of 1931. In 1933 and 1934, over the country as a whole, the Labour Party made large municipal gains. Last year there was a very small net loss of seats, following upon the wins of 1932; and this year the Labour candidates are again largely on the defensive. The best hope of new Labour gains is in the expanding industrial areas in the South, in which Labour is still badly under-represented on the local Councils. In some of the older areas, there are signs that the electoral pacts between Liberals and Conservatives are breaking down; and Labour candidates may slip in as a result of these disputes. In general, the results are not easy to forecast. There is no outstanding municipal issue; and the concentration of public interest on international affairs makes it harder to whip up enthusiasm for purely local elections. There are some boroughs in which the Labour Party either holds a precarious majority, or can turn a minority into a majority by winning only a very few seats. In these circumstances, a great deal depends on the size of the poll. Spectacular gains on either side are unlikely; and the Labour Party will come well out of the contest even if it registers only a small net gain and defends its existing seats with success.

More British Reaction

At the I.L.O. Maritime Conference at Geneva last week the British Government excelled even its own reactionary record. Out of the five Conventions adopted —all by substantial majorities among the official as well as the unofficial delegates—the British Government representatives voted against three, and abstained from voting on a fourth. In the voting on the most important Convention, dealing with hours of work and manning scales, the only Government in the minority, except the British, was that of Japan. The British, Japanese and Indian Governments were alone in opposing the Convention requiring certificates of proficiency from masters of merchant vessels. The only convention which received British official support was that providing for sickness insurance, to which there was practically no opposition, even from the shipowners' delegates. It has now to be seen what the Government, having been outvoted by huge majorities at Geneva, will do about ratifying the Conventions, which are to come into force when they have been approved by five of the more important maritime countries. It will be a scandal if Great Britain is again allowed to stand in the way of advance in labour conditions which the great majority of countries, including the United States, as well as Australia and most of the European States, are prepared to approve.

The Public Health

The Annual Report of the Ministry of Health contains much that is satisfactory. Maternal mortality last year was 3.93 per 1,000 births, the lowest since 1924; infantile mortality was 57 per 1,000 births, the lowest figure on record. For the first time the total deaths from tuberculosis have fallen below 30,000, and the Ministry is to bestow its blessing on the further efforts now being made to examine the problem of dietary diseases. It is doubtful, however, whether on all the points raised the official optimism is altogether justified. Referring to town and country planning, the Report states that "more than half of England and Wales is now under planning." This is a trifle misleading, since only one scheme under the Planning Act of 1932 has actually been put into practice. It is also as yet too early to judge what precisely will be the effects of last year's Ribbon Development Act. More serious are the difficulties arising from the Government's plans to cure overcrowding. The 1935 Act imposes on the local authority the duty of offering to all overcrowded tenants "suitable alternative accommodation." The decision as to what accommodation is suitable rests with the local authority, and tenants are complaining that, in the case of many offers, the rent is too high and the home too far from the wage-earner's work. If better housing is not to result in a lowered standard of health this complaint should be attended to without delay.

Autumn Literary Number

Desmond MacCarthy will write on Reviewing in next week's Literary Supplement, Bertrand Russell on Freda Utley's *Japan's Feet of Clay*, H. N. Brailsford on Noyes's *Voltaire* and Wickham Steed on Theodor Wolff's Memoirs. Other articles and reviews will include Cyril Connolly on Thomas Mann, Elizabeth Bowen on Christine Longford's *Dublin*, W. H. Auden on R. H. Mottram's *Portrait of an Unknown Victorian*, Kenneth Bell on the third volume of Churchill's *Marlborough*, Harold Laski on the third volume of *The Life of Carson*, Leonard Woolf on the second volume of Mrs. Dugdale's *Balfour*.

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FASCISM WHILE YOU WAIT?

THE international Fascist programme is working beautifully. Madrid is expected to fall very shortly, and Germany, Italy and Portugal are all prepared for immediate recognition of General Franco's government. Germany, by way of precedent and as a pledge of her new friendship with Italy, recognises the Italian Emperor in Africa. In England, leading newspapers, now assured of Franco's victory, are preparing the British mind for recognition of his conquest and beginning that familiar process by which a successful General may be padded up into heroic proportions. With customary wit, Mr. Garvin has discovered in General Franco "the man" predestined to save Spain in its hour of danger from Bolshevism, while the *Times*, representing the new British habit of always championing the upper dog, suggests that, since Franco is apparently not to cede any Spanish possessions to Germany or Italy and so weaken our position in the Mediterranean, we too can join with Germany and Italy in recognising his Government. We had ourselves drafted a leading article for the *Times*, finding reasons for recognising the success of revolution in Spain, and putting the blame on Moscow. But the *Times* has anticipated our suggestions. The Madrid Government, somewhat naturally, one would have thought, have refused to release from prison those who would be likely inside Madrid to take sides with General Franco's advancing army. This is described by the *Times* as a "cynical refusal" which "must alienate the little that remains of British sympathy for the helpless and discredited Government of Madrid." Meanwhile, the Committee of Non-intervention has proved an even more suitable body than the League of Nations for aiding aggression and blockading the victim state. The Fascist Powers may congratulate themselves that the Spanish affair has been managed with less friction than the Abyssinian. In the Abyssinian case Britain's fears for her Imperial interests were stronger than they have proved in the Spanish, and her compliance less easy to buy. We do not doubt that the British Government would have liked, if possible, to make non-intervention a reality. But since it has proved a farce, British diplomacy is naturally anxious to be on good terms with the winning side, and Lord Plymouth has hastened to assure the Germans, whose aeroplanes are now flying over Madrid, that he accepts their assurance that they have kept their promise of non-intervention. So neatly has the matter been arranged that, by an ingenious twist, Russia has been suddenly accused of being the chief violator of the Pact. In justice to Lord Plymouth it should be added that he stated that he had evidence of a breach of the Pact by Italy and Great Britain as well as Russia. Some of the British press comments forgot to mention any but the alleged Russian intervention.

It has not been difficult to obtain British compliance. The sympathies of the British Government, as Sir Samuel Hoare's speech made quite clear, have always tended to the side of the rebels, although enthusiasm has been damped by fears for British interests in the Mediterranean. It is now arranged that General Franco will not formally give up any territory to the Fascist allies, but since Italy is now in effective occupation of Majorca, and since German and Italian influence is now paramount in the Western Mediterranean and Franco dependent on their support, no formal transference of territory is necessary. Everyone outside England knows that Britain is no longer dominant in the Mediterranean, and though this loss of prestige may be galling to the Foreign Office, it is the necessary price of a Fascist victory in Spain.

With Russia isolated, Germany and Italy are in a position to change their minds about the proposed Locarno discussions. Germany vouchsafed no answer to the questionnaire put to her by the British Government about her intention of making war in Eastern Europe. London, used to snubs, said nothing, and the Locarno discussions were suspended. If they are now to be resumed, it is because Germany and Italy are sure that the Franco-Soviet Pact is no longer an effective instrument, that M. Blum will get on this point no sympathy from Great Britain and will be unable, in view of divided opinion in France, to stand firmly by the Pact. The plan, therefore, is a Western Locarno which will assure Germany's security in the West and leave Russia open for attack at a convenient moment.

Nor do Fascist hopes end there. The formidable Rexist movement in Belgium is now strongly opposed by the Belgian Government. The Rexist leader, detained in custody for a day by a Chief of Police with whom, we understand, he is on the best of political terms, boasts that he will be Prime Minister of Belgium in six months. His chances of making good this boast must at present be a matter of speculation. In France, the Front Populaire holds together in spite of the hostility to the Communists shown by many of the Radicals at their Party Congress. This Congress revealed that there was some Fascist sympathy even within the Radical party. A stronger alliance has apparently been formed between Colonel de la Rocque and the leader of an important ex-service organisation with Fascist tendencies. Gun-running from Switzerland to the Fascist Powers is reported to be a frequent occurrence, and the Croix de Feu is known to have large supplies of ammunition hidden in various parts of the country. Many rich people in France now openly talk of a coming Fascist rebellion on the Franco model. They remark with complacence that M. Blum, like Señor Azaña, transferred a number of disaffected army officers to Morocco; whether they look forward to an invasion of Algerian or Moroccan troops we do not know. A disturbing feature of the situation is the reported sabotage of French civil servants who are opposed to the Popular Front Government. They have been meticulous to prevent any French arms reaching the Spanish Government, but seem less concerned with Fascist gun running. M. Cot, the Minister of Air, who is apparently fully alive to the situation, has taken over one armament factory where the sabotage of production was notorious, and he is doing his utmost by calling for air pilots from the democratic sections of the public to counteract Fascist tendencies in the French Air Force. None can say whether these conflicting tendencies in France mean civil war in the near future. The Left is as formidable, fully apprised of its danger and in occupation of the Government. At present the struggle is continuing on Parliamentary lines. The upshot depends on the continued firmness of the Front Populaire, on the

energy of M. Blum and his colleagues and on the success of the Government's domestic policy.

So Fascism advances while the popular forces wait. Much harm has been done by the assumption both here and on the Continent that the British Government would support and lead the democratic cause in Europe. In fact, it does not like Fascism, but from a mixture of fear and class feeling it acts very much in the way that Fascists would desire it to act. Equally serious, as we have seen over the Spanish situation, is the failure of the Socialist parties to unite and stand firmly for their principles. Labour here has at length awakened, but it slept far too long. There is a mood of defeatism which is unnecessary and disastrous. The Fascist programme which we have detailed above is far from realisation. Dictators have a habit of overreaching themselves and their unity may not stand the test of success. Their voices drown any others in their own countries, and the millions of bayonets of which they boast would no doubt respond enthusiastically to a call to arms. But we doubt whether either of our Fascist leaders is ready or anxious for the war which they tell us is the best proof of manhood. Can Fascism rely on its common people in the event of a military reverse? Abyssinia and Spain—these are mere adventures. Russia, even if France is bought off, is a very different matter, and Poland, now again in the French rather than the German orbit, is always anti-German whatever its nominal diplomatic arrangements. Most important of all is the possibility or, we believe, the probability, of a revival of British self-respect. Perhaps Sir Oswald Mosley will do us the service of uniting against him and the foreign notions he stands for those who cherish some of the Englishman's traditional belief in liberty. The Labour Party has not so far seized its opportunity but some of its leaders are showing new signs of awareness and courage. A national Popular Front may grow in England in spite of official discouragement, and it may include decent people of any or no political party. For it is not only the nominal "Left" which is ashamed of our recent foreign policy and ashamed that we should ever see in England signs of that racial intolerance and political thuggery which has reduced Europe to its present chaos. The *Times* does not represent England. Nor do our present political leaders. We look for an English leader who despises Fascism and can call with authority to the best in England—and we may yet find him.

PALESTINE BEFORE THE COMMISSION

THE next few months may decide the future of Zionism, and those who most admire its great ideals, and its remarkable achievements since the war, can best appreciate the dangers which threaten it. The dangers are partly due to lack of foresight, but chiefly to the events which have changed the face of Europe during the last four years, and to corresponding modifications in the British outlook. Unfortunately, Palestine emerged on to "front page" at the moment when all European post-war settlements were crumbling away, and when England had to adapt herself to a new and very unpleasant situation. On the whole Englishmen wish Zionism well, but they are not in a mood to be nagged at, or to be interested in complicated arguments about the interpretation of documents. They would agree that the administration was far from perfect, but after all we sent out the best type of official who was available, and the High Commissioners, amongst whom were General Plumer and Sir Herbert Samuel, have been probably more distinguished than the average of Indian Provincial Governors. If Zionists are wise they will forget their grievances, however legitimate, and confine themselves to constructive proposals for working arrangements to cover the next decade.

The most important political questions are connected with immigration, land and self-government. They are, of course, bound up with each other, but the immediate need is for some fairly elastic formulae which will be a guide for the future administration of the country. As regards immigration, the Zionists have given up the claim that any Jew has a right to settle in Palestine, and accepted the rule that immigration must be restricted to those who can be established in a sound economic position. From any rational point of view such immigrants are a benefit to the country, and there is no reason for the Zionists to retreat from that position. The idea that immigration should be limited by some arbitrary numerical relation between Jews, Moslems, and Christians is neither practicable nor likely to appeal to most English people. At present there are rather more than 400,000 Jews in Palestine, as against 84,000 in 1922, and they form about a third of the population.

The land question, concerned with a limited and varied commodity, is more complicated, and it is essential to discuss it practically rather than in general terms. It is a small-scale problem. The "cultivable area" is officially returned as well under three million acres—about a tenth of the agricultural land of England and Wales. Of this the Zionists, through their funds or privately, own less than an eighth. Agriculturally Palestine is not a land flowing with milk and honey. The one important development is citrus-growing on a stretch of light land near the coast. About 70,000 acres are planted. Of these the Jews own 40,000, while the Arab orange-groves have increased from 5,000 to 30,000 in the last fifteen years. Apart from this area, which is capable of some further development, Palestine would never have been considered suitable for close settlement if it had not been for its religious associations. The Zionist "colonies" outside the citrus belt are admirable in many ways, but they were established at a heavy rate of expenditure, most of which must be written off. Similarly the Zionist organisations have undertaken irrigation and reclamation schemes which could only be justified economically by placing an extremely high value on land because it is in Palestine.

In their enthusiasm—their pride of race and joy at coming back to the land—the Zionists did not allow for the kind of opposition which was likely to be aroused by their economic invasion of the country. The area on which immigrants have actually been settled is very small, the displacement of Arabs is insignificant—perhaps six or seven hundred. But in politics fear is a more potent weapon than fact, and the Zionists would be well advised to put themselves right with this "damned censorious world," and dispel any idea of a rich community buying out a poor one. I believe they can do this without any material injury to their schemes.

There are six kinds of land to be considered. (1) Goodish heavy soil, suitable for "dry farming," and mostly under Arab cultivation. Some of the Emek "colonies" are on such land. (2) Light soil near the coast line, which will grow citrus. (3) Some mediocre land, as in the Beisan plain, which could be irrigated, and the settlement value of which would increase at least three-fold. (If the family unit for dry farming is, say, sixteen acres, for irrigated land it would be about five.) (4) Swampy land, like the Huleh, which is almost useless until it is reclaimed. Some smaller areas have already been drained. (5) The Negeb. There is a large area south of Beersheba which is useless unless irrigated either by deep wells or by storing water in the hills. It is outside the "cultivable area," and if it could be brought under cultivation it would be pure gain to Palestine. This is an engineering question which has not yet been authoritatively decided. (6) There is a large hilly core to Palestine, in which the Arabs have made tiny holdings. It is not suited for Jewish settlement, and probably much of it should be afforested.

The only serious threat to the Arabs is the extension of settlements on the first and third types of land, especially the first. The Zionists could meet most of the objections to their policy by an agreement not to purchase more land, except under the following conditions. First, they should be allowed land for industrial development in areas considered suitable by the Government. Second, citrus-growing means expensive crops on a small acreage and much employment. There is little question of displacing Arabs, because the land is valueless for ordinary agriculture. The remaining citrus area might be exempt from any restriction. Third, for the rest of the agricultural land, Zionists might suggest the principle of "exchanging land for water." They would agree not to extend their settlements except by way of irrigation or reclamation of land, and in every scheme they would agree to set aside land for the local Arabs sufficient to satisfy any Moslems or Christians already living on that land. The swampy and malarial Huleh does support a few families, and a portion of good land of equivalent value to their present holdings will, I gather, be allocated for them. The principle could be extended. Thus a Zionist irrigation scheme, trebling the value of land, would justify something over half the area being made available for Jewish settlement. In the Negeb, where there are almost desert conditions, the Jews could claim all the land they made cultivable.

An arrangement of this kind would have to be enforced by a "gentleman's agreement." Legislation preventing alienation is full of pitfalls, as has been found in India, but administrative influence, as in Kenya, might be sufficient to deter the private individual who wished to go outside its terms. The Zionists, on their part, might justifiably claim certain concessions from Government. These would include the completion of the cadastral survey, which has been inexcusably delayed, and also an immediate survey of irrigation possibilities. Another urgent reform is the settling of the nomadic population, which has no place in a small, compact, and highly developed country. Above all, it is to the Zionists' interest that the Government should push on the schemes suggested in the Hope-Simpson and French reports for improving Arab village conditions, education, etc., and for consolidating their land holdings. The evils of excessive sub-division (*morcellement*) have been successfully dealt with in India, though only recently. The Jews have a right to insist that, if they hold up their development schemes, the land in Moslem hands will be put to proper use.

It is hardly the duty of Zionists to lay down proposals for constitutional changes, and I feel that talk about political "parity" may confuse the issue, for it is a term as ambiguous as "Dominion status." They can, however, insist that political development must be according to some democratic formula, and that an educational period is essential for the Moslem population. So far it has shown singularly little aptitude for local government. It is possible that devolution may ease the whole situation. Unfortunately the term "cantonisation" has been used. Palestine cannot be rigidly divided in this manner, but some measure of autonomy might be granted to areas, some of which would be predominantly Arab, some Jewish, and others mixed.

The immediate need is for an arrangement which will last for some years, and will cover the main questions of immigration and land. Ultimately it will be impossible to deny Palestine the same measure of autonomy as Syria, Iraq and Egypt. At present the difference in cultural standards between the Moslems in Palestine and those in Syria or Egypt is sufficiently marked to strike the most casual observer. A few years could be well spent in lessening that difference. By that time it may be possible to discuss the future of Palestine and of Zionism in a Europe restored to comparative sanity. To-day there is a serious danger of the movement being considered as an additional irritant and complication in the Mediterranean question. For this reason it behoves Zionists to be wise as serpents, and to remember that they are not putting their case before a tribunal of internationalists, actuated only by feelings of abstract justice.

G. T. GARRATT

A LONDON DIARY

If statistics and electoral calculations could kill the idea of a popular front in England the idea would be stone dead. But I find from talking to people, some of them people who have not played any recent part in politics, that it is the one thing they are keen about. It is at present a somewhat amorphous project. But that is at this stage inevitable because a British popular front, if we get one, will grow from below, gathering as it goes along all sorts of "movements" and organisations, and only gradually shaping its programme and finding its leaders. The meeting in Conway Hall last Monday was interesting from this point of view. The speakers included Mr. Hamilton Fyfe and so detached a person as Stephen Spender, the poet, and it was swept off its feet by the eloquence of John Lewis, a Unitarian minister from Ipswich. Politically negligible, of course—a meeting of 500 people with no well-known politician to speak. But then none of the well-known politicians will say a word or come into the open until they are sure that there is a movement to lead. They wait for each other, even though in private they admit to seeing no hope of ever turning this Government out until they do achieve a broader unity and a short programme of action. The most significant thing about this meeting was that the audience was largely composed of disgusted members of the Labour Party.

* * *

Mrs. Albertini gave a party to 500 guests in her house in Windsor Park. It cost £962 6*s*. 7½*d*. She asked journalists to her party, and thanked them for writing it up. But one of them wrote it up in a way she did not like. An article in *Everybody's Weekly* described the champagne and the diamonds and the rest of it as a "display of opulence," and said that rich people who "try to dazzle the world with their wildly extravagant amusements" should "remember that they merely incite class-war." Mrs. Albertini claimed that this article was libellous: she was circulating money and, anyway, she helped hospitals. The judge thought it all nonsense to say that anyone was on the verge of starvation in this country, and said that Mrs. Albertini had been very cruelly attacked. But he ruled that there was no libel since Mrs. Albertini had invited comment by asking journalists, and the comment was honest and not malicious. The case was splash news in the papers. Turning back to the page before in the *Daily Telegraph* I read a more obscurely placed paragraph about another woman, the wife of an unemployed labourer. She seems to have been troubled about an unpaid bill and possibly felt not so far from the verge of starvation. In any case, she drowned herself and her three children. The reports of these cases precisely illustrate the advantages and disadvantages of the three forms of society at present in competition in the world. A Socialist is a person who is determined to have a state of society in which neither of these two incidents could occur. In a capitalist democracy such as we have to-day they do commonly occur, but we are allowed, if we look hard enough in the press, to know about them and to feel ashamed of them and to work for a state of society in which they are impossible. Under Fascism they occur even more often than in our society, but no one is allowed to report them or talk about them in public.

On several occasions I have called attention to the number of "canvassers" or salesmen on commission who appear in court on summonses for defrauding either their customers or their employers. I am glad to see that magistrates are getting increasingly chary of convicting in these cases; the conditions of employment are so bad and the methods of sale so questionable that magistrates are apt to comment, not on the behaviour of the men charged, but on that of their employers. In a case reported in the *South London Press* of October 16th, Mr. Oulton, the Tower Bridge magistrate, acquitted two salesmen and a canvasser who were charged with obtaining money by

false pretences from their employers. Evidence was given that the accused men had canvassed in Dorking and Tonbridge and reported a large number of orders on which they had received 35s. on account of the commission due to them. When the firm tried to deliver the goods, some of the supposed purchasers refused to receive them. Mr. Oulton thought this sales system rather "pernicious" and remarked that "this foisting of goods on to people has been a source of profit to the accused's employers in the past and I expect it will be in the future." He refused to convict.

* * *

In this case I know no more than appeared in the newspaper report. But in many of these cases the truth is that unemployed men are induced to take these jobs at minute wages, sometimes without any allowance for expenses, in the belief that they can earn substantial commissions. They find in fact that their expenses in fares and shoe-leather are greater than anything they can make from legitimate sales and they cajole, beg-with-tears-in-their-eyes, or cheat soft-hearted women into promising to buy things they don't want and often later can't or won't pay for. All sorts of frauds result on both sides—some of which I've given examples of before. I have heard complaints that Labour Exchanges force men into taking these spurious jobs. I was told on inquiry that Labour Exchanges do their best to make a list of these undesirable employers but don't, of course, succeed always or quickly in recognising them. This type of employment badly needs supervision and a standard minimum rate of pay. Commission should never be allowed to take the place of wages.

* * *

Looking through Mr. Noel-Baker's classical book on the *Private Manufacture of Arms* (which was reviewed in this journal a fortnight ago by Mr. Brailsford), I came upon this staggering quotation (p. 294). In January of this year a leaflet was issued by the British Navy League, which claimed with pride to be "the fertile parent of all foreign Navy Leagues." You see the joke? The British Navy League exists to promote the idea of a big navy for Britain. Among its progeny, apparently, are the American and German Navy Leagues, and because of the successful propaganda for bigger navies in the United States and Germany the British public is induced to listen when the British Navy League says that we must have a bigger navy because the United States, Germany and other countries also have big navies! Could patriotism go further?

* * *

The Court of Criminal Appeal (the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice du Parcq and Mr. Justice Goddard) recently decided that a juryman's deafness was no ground for allowing a prisoner leave to appeal against conviction. A.E.E.R. sends the following neat comment:

> How often do her victims find
> That Justice is not only blind?
> Hewart, du Parcq and Goddard tell
> That Justice may be deaf as well.

CRITIC

CZECHOSLOVAKIA PREPARES

EDUARD BENEŠ has had his foot on the accelerator since the day when he took over the steering-wheel of Czechoslovakia from the tried hands of Thomas Masaryk. That is only ten months ago, and yet it cannot be questioned that in the person of Beneš the President has become more politically active, while Army influences have become more conspicuous. Unless she is willing to be destroyed or reduced to impotence this is the only possible answer for Czechoslovakia to make to Germany's feverish rearmament and the remilitarisation of the Rhineland, which strategically emasculated the Franco-Czech alliance. There is, of course, a powerful Agrarian group in Czechoslovakia which advocates a *détente* with Germany on the lines of the German-Polish Agreement of 1934, and M. Beran, the chairman of the Agrarian Party, is known to have been in touch with the tireless Herr von Papen of late. The Beran group, who inspire the important newspaper *Venkov*, have always disliked M. Beneš and were opposed to his Entente with Russia, but the Russophile feeling of the country and the support of the Prime Minister, M. Hodža, himself a moderate Agrarian, are behind the President. M. Beneš refuses to accept any conditions from Germany—a breach with Russia, for instance, or Henlein men in the Cabinet; he is willing, on the other hand, to make a bilateral pact where he gives away nothing and is bound only so long as the other partner plays fair.

While Austria has become the military adjunct of Germany, Poland has veered away from her. The Czechs do not yet trust Poland very far, but they are counting upon her neutrality in a war, and they look with sympathy to the signs of a revival on the Polish Left. As time goes on the German menace to Prague grows greater. This is the quickest way to attack Russia; indeed Czechoslovakia seems to be the obvious victim for Hitler's next Saturday midday coup, and, however cheerful her leaders may insist upon being, she is well aware of it. People in Prague are grumpier than they were if you ask the way in German; there are far more smart young officers about than last year. As for the Russian officers, who, according to the friends of Nazi Germany, are tumbling over one another in Czechoslovakia, the most Russophile Czechs will tell you they only wish there were some truth in all the talk. Of course, the Czech Air Force is being developed and new aerodromes are being constructed, but there is nothing particularly Russian about them; any State's aerodromes may be used by its allies in time of war.

What more precisely is Czechoslovakia doing to defend herself? Her programme is to raise her military efficiency, assuage internal discontent and strengthen her relations with the other two members of the Little Entente. To some of the more visible results of the recent Defence Loan I have already referred. The Austrian frontier is being fortified, but, above all, fortifications are being constructed where Germany threatens—at the Eisenstein gap, at the old Königgratz approach, and the valley of the Oder across which something of a "Maginot" line is nearly completed. Half the entire population of the country lives in the province of Bohemia, but the Czecho-slovak authorities are compelled to face its possible loss; in any case it is expedient for Škoda and other factories to be moving into Slovakia. In May the State Defence Law was passed. This provides for an immediate increase of State interference and for the establishment of a Supreme Defence Council nominated by the President; it also provides for measures to be taken on the outbreak of war. Further, it legalises the declaration of martial law to-day in districts where events have occurred which seriously menace the unity of the State or its democratic or republican character.

As for internal discontent, by far the most serious question is that of the large German minority which lives along the German frontier. This problem is becoming increasingly acute and, indeed, it is inevitable that it should. The more Germany threatens Czechoslovakia the more the Czechs are bound to fear the patent disloyalty of the *Sudetendeutschen*. The more Czechoslovakia rearms the more employment is provided for the Czech workmen in the big heavy industries, and the more the appalling unemployment in the German glass and china industries appears to the Germans as due to malicious discrimination. At the beginning of this year Machnik, the Agrarian Minister of War at Prague, issued a peculiarly unfortunate decree to the effect that State contracts would only be granted to firms on condition that they employed workmen of different nationality in proportion to the local population. This order was only sent to German firms, and seemed, therefore, to be nothing but an instrument for the eviction of German employees in favour of Czechs. Subsequently the Government has more or less withdrawn the decree, but the Henlein Party made it the basis of a grand appeal to Geneva this autumn. Against the State Defence Law the *Sudeten-deutschen* also feel bitterly, since it may, for instance, cause

Germans to be brought before military tribunals where their language rights would not be valid. That the Czechs wish to strengthen the Czech element along the frontier can surprise no one, but military exigencies cut straight across the genuine desire of the President and the Premier to put an end to discrimination in the Sudeten German districts. Where the population is unceasingly disturbed by the provocative declarations of the German wireless, it is not surprising that the Czechoslovak Government often prefers to nominate local officials where they should be elected. It is difficult to suppose that the German Government is not deliberately making minority rights unworkable in German Czechoslovakia. Apart from the obvious cold-shouldering of Czechoslovakia in Germany's offers last March, this was virtually admitted when Krebs and Jung, two extreme Nazis who frankly work for the break-up of Czechoslovakia, were " elected " to the Reichstag of March 29th. The recent revolt against Henlein within the *Sudetendeutschenpartei* itself was led by a certain Kasper, an old collaborator of Krebs, and it thus seems clear that Berlin is tired of Henlein's moderation. Meanwhile the *Sudetendeutschen* themselves are far too desperate to think. The quarrel among their leaders perplexes those who are aware of it, the so-called intelligentsia, which dislikes the unscrupulous methods of the Krebs-Kasper set. The people in general dream only of Hitler the deliverer.

The other minority questions of Czechoslovakia are not of first-rate importance. As for Slovakia, the perennial dispute goes on as to whether the Czechs and the Slovaks are two nations or one. The entry of Hlinka's Catholic autonomist party into the Hodža Cabinet has been delayed, probably by Right-wing Agrarian intrigues. The Slovaks in any case are disunited. Many are genuine followers of the Slovak Prime Minister in wishing to co-operate completely with the Czechs. Meanwhile Slovakia is the battle-ground for a Communist-Clerical tussle, and there are certain Fascist, probably more or less, Magyar groups who, for instance, shouted for a Hitler-Horthy-Hlinka front at a Hlinka gathering not long ago. Thus the Slovak question is not acute. Arrangements are under way for greater educational autonomy and a Slovak technical college is about to be opened at Kosice.

Czechoslovakia is naturally delighted with the Bratislava conference of the Little Entente, and she is thinking very hard how to make real closer economic co-operation in order to counteract the influence of Germany in Rumania and Jugoslavia. The Czechoslovaks are on the whole genuinely optimistic about this. They believe that Germany's hold is bound to weaken as time goes on, since it is based upon artificial deflections of trade. On the whole they have welcomed the devaluation movement in which to a minor degree they are participating. They point to the steady increase in the last two years in trade between the three countries of the Little Entente, and though they themselves are unable to use more wheat exported by the other two partners, they are prepared to import a larger quantity with a view to reselling, and they are able to absorb increasing quantities of maize and of Rumanian oil. Meanwhile they are exerting themselves to supply machines, armaments and capital in return, and they rely upon the Rumanian promise to complete the railway which links Kiev with Czernowitz and, therefore, with Czechoslovakia. This should enable Russia, should it come to war, to send her troops to the aid of the Czechs, whether the Rumanians co-operate or remain neutral.

Inevitably, while rearmament and fortification claim the Government's main attention, social reform is neglected and democratic freedom tends to be curtailed. For all but the German districts the unemployment figures are very much better, but the unsatisfactory Ghent system for unemployment relief is still in force, though no one approves of it. Czechoslovakia is still a haven of refuge by comparison with the States which surround it; there is still a remarkable freedom of the press, while anti-Semitic discrimination is forbidden. Militarisation tends to require procedure by decree in place of parliamentary legislation, but there are many who believe that democracy can only defend itself to-day by acting as promptly as its enemies. Beneš, at any rate, cannot be accused of the defeatism which other democrats have shown. His vitality is such that he seems almost to enjoy the challenge which comes to him from within and without. One has the impression that, so long as one village of Sub-Carpathian Russia is left, Eduard Beneš will fight for the political conception he owes mainly to Masaryk.

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. Edgar D. Hill.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

General Franco so clearly has the best present title to be the Government of Spain—will have to be recognised as such the moment he captures Madrid—that any further evidence of Russian assistance to the Reds will become in international law a matter of Russian aggression against Spain.—*Observer.*

The future electrification of most of our railways, which we imagine is inevitable, is a matter which calls for the very gravest consideration. It may easily imperil the whole future of one of our greatest sports (*hunting*).—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic.*

Apathy in Bristol's elections next Monday would, indeed, be a historic betrayal of democracy.—*Bristol Evening World.*

Life has not a dull moment for the Boarding dog at Bellmead Kennels, Haslemere, Surrey. Beauty treatment every day, figures improved by healthy exercise and studied diet. Lots of cheery friends to hob-nob with, and always a charming Dandie hostess to welcome a lonely dog.—*Times* advertisement.

The National Labour movement can afford to disregard the sneers of the bitter or of the complacent. It may not be possible to measure its strength accurately, but the cause of practical progress would be severely damaged if the movement were to disappear.—*Times Leader.*

Workers at Worton Hall Film Studios will soon be identifiable by the tie they are wearing. Douglas Fairbanks, junior, is responsible for introducing this public school touch among his staff. It is an Oxford blue tie with a red and yellow stripe. Any actor, carpenter, stage hand, electrician, or other worker who has served Criterion films, Doug's company, who now own Worton Hall, is eligible to wear it.—*Richmond and Twickenham Times.*

PUBLIC ORDER

FROM reports in the press it seems probable that the Government are contemplating some form of " Public Order Bill " to be introduced during the next session and it is therefore not inappropriate to examine the history of attempts to control by law similar movements to that of the Fascists.

It is unfortunate that whenever a historical parallel is sought for the Fascist question the legislation of Henry VII is always recalled. The statutes against Livery, under which correspondents in the *Times* periodically suggest that Fascists should be prosecuted, were, in fact, repealed some seventy years ago during the great Victorian spring cleaning of obsolete legislation. Indeed, were the Livery laws reintroduced to-day there might be considerable difficulty in getting a satisfactory decision from the courts as to their application to modern circumstances. The most important point about Henry VII's legislation was that he had a special court, the Star Chamber, to enforce it as he wished, and his Livery statutes thus escaped all the perils of construction and interpretation which might well nullify the effect of a modern law against political uniforms.

But it appears that the Government plans much wider legislation than the banning of uniforms. If they wish to suppress Fascism and leave untouched the traditional English

political liberties the Common Law provides them with ample precedent under which similar types of violence have dealt with in the past.

The explanation and excuse for the Fascist uniformed force is that if they did not possess a trained body of "stewards" to keep order at their meetings and protect their leaders on the march they would be unlawfully attacked by their enemies. This is exactly the same excuse that has been offered throughout English history for any private army. Grant even the Fascist point that they are in serious danger of illegal attack, what they wish to do is not to seek the security of the law, but to enforce on their own a Fascist peace in place of the King's peace enforced by the servants of the Crown. Against such a principle the English Common Law has always set its face, and it was this doctrine of the Common Law as much as any specific statute against "retainers" which destroyed the practice of keeping private armies.

In 1707, in a case arising out of an election fight in Mr. Baldwin's town of Bewdley, that great lawyer, Chief Justice Holt, thus explained the law. "Though a man," he said, "may ride with arms, he cannot take two with him to defend himself even though his life is threatened, for he is in the protection of the law, which is sufficient for his defence. . . ."

A man may, it is true, assemble his friends to defend his house against an illegal attack, but he may do no more, and an impetuous eighteenth-century bishop of Bangor was once tried for overstepping the mark. "A man's house is his sanctuary," said the judge to the jury, "but he is not to arm himself and his friends in defence of his close."

Thus, with this one limited concession to property rights, the English Common Law has from the earliest times condemned the use of private force, whether or not it is used to secure some legal right or to prevent some legal wrong. Those who would rely on their own force to preserve what they conceive to be their legal rights, instead of having recourse to the courts, have always been treated as rioters. There seems no reason why the same principle should not continue to be enforced.

BARRISTER

POLICE!

I WAS glad to see the tributes in the Press to the conduct of the police in Brussels last Sunday on the occasion of the abortive Rexist demonstration. I have always—or, at least, mostly—had a warm corner in my heart for the policeman since, as a child, I looked up to him as the guardian of my life and liberty. "Why don't the Irish rise?" ran a Unionist joke of those days. "Because the police won't let them." Gazing out on the world from my nursery window I did not wish the Irish to rise, and was grateful to any one who prevented them from doing so. Apart from that section of the Irish that wanted to rise, there were burglars and drunken men to be protected from. I was much afraid of both—especially, perhaps, of drunken men. In the Victorian age, I think, there was a much more widespread fear of men in liquor than there is nowadays. They were commonly regarded as dangerous characters, potential criminals. Judges on several occasions declared from the bench that serious crime was largely the result of drunkenness. It may have been so, for public-house whisky was cheaper, stronger, rawer and more fiery than it is to-day. To-day, the ordinary drunken man is simply a not at all dangerous bore. Not thus did he appear to my infant imagination. I never felt safe when passing a staggering man. My heated fancy occasionally suspected even the soberest men of drunkenness.

One Saturday evening in winter we were expecting the arrival of a strange clergyman at the house. The bell rang, and I hurried to the door. When I opened it, I saw a huge, fat, red-bearded figure that was puffing and swaying and apparently unable to articulate. Not noticing his parson's collar, and concluding that he was drunk, I slammed the door in his face, and ran back into the house, shouting: "A drunk man! A drunk man! Don't open!" One of my sisters, who had had previous experience of my cowardice and of my lack of sense of fact when excited, brushed past me and opened the door to the soberest man in the world who turned out to be the expected clergyman and was short of breath owing to the condition of his heart. It was awkward for me to have to spend the week-end in the same house with the man I had so terribly maligned. Especially during meals he seemed constantly to be casting venomous looks towards my end of the table.

There was luckily no need on this occasion for the intervention of the police, but some time afterwards a real drunkard arrived at the door and made us feel like the inhabitants of a besieged city. It was after midnight and we had all gone to bed, when a furious knocking and ringing began. There was no question of anybody's going to the door to see what was the matter. I was the only man in the house, and I was only six. We collected in a top room and, opening a window, called down to the man on the step to ask what he wanted. He said that he wanted to see my father and that my father was a very old friend of his. My old nurse assured him that my father was away from home. The drunkard began pulling the bell and knocking more furiously than before and declared that he must see my father and that he wanted to borrow some money. He was again told that my father was not at home. Thereupon he battered at the door as if he meant to break his way through by sheer force. My nurse suggested taking the water-jug from the wash-stand and pouring its contents over him and, if that did not drive him off, hurling the jug after the water. Fearing that this might merely infuriate him, we persuaded her to desist. Then, as his assault on the front door became increasingly vigorous, my mother had an inspiration and shouted "Police!" into the midnight air. Then my nurse shouted "Police!"—a shrill-falsetto cry. Then I shouted "Police!" at the full stretch of my lungs. Then we all shouted "Police!" together. I shall never forget the hatred that expressed itself in the voice of the drunkard as he looked up and tried to see us three storeys above him. "Divil police!" he snarled—if it is possible to snarl words that do not contain an "r"—and, having uttered his curse, he lurched out of the gate and made off in a quick parabola movement down the road.

That incident gave me a high opinion of the magic power of the very name of the police; and ever afterwards I found it difficult to fall in with the criticisms levelled against the police by partisans on either side. Whenever there was a riot in the city, each side was fairly well content when the police charged the other side; but when the police charged its own ranks they became fiends in human form. To the Orangeman whose skull was being treated for baton-wounds in hospital, the police seemed a horde of "Tipperary Papishes"—Fenians at heart who took a particular delight in cracking the skulls of loyal men. To the Nationalist whose skull was being treated for baton-wounds in hospital, on the other hand, the police seemed to be a royal mob of traitors—Irishmen who had sold themselves to the English Government and took a devilish delight in cracking the skulls of patriotic men for their paymasters. I never met any one who had been in a police-charge and who would agree that the police had been right in charging on that particular occasion. At an early age I came to the conclusion that what a man who has had to fly for his life from the police says is not evidence.

I remember one night when a friend of mine took a tram to the Shankill Road to see the riots. Curiosity led him into the thick of a mob just as an army of huge policemen was descending on it with drawn batons. With the rest of the mob he fled for his life and had scarcely stopped running when I met him, pale and panting, an hour later. He was cursing the police volubly and calling them brutes and Tipperary Papishes. "And you," he said, knowing my religion, "you Blackmouthed Presbyterians, are as bad and even worse. You're not real Protestants. You were never really loyal. You were at the back of the rebellion in 1798. My God, I'd

rather be an out-and-out Catholic than a miserable, time-serving Blackmouthed Presbyterian." I thought that was pretty good coming from the lips of a youth who belonged to a church that was commonly known to us Presbyterians as the "half-way house to Rome." Even at the time, however, I realised that his words meant very little and were merely the semi-articulate expression of his furious hatred, as a law-abiding citizen, of having to run like a hare to escape the raised batons of a rushing host of policemen all doing the hundred yards in ten seconds.

I have myself been in only two police charges, and my evidence in regard to either of them would have been worthless. On each occasion, I ran so soon and so fast that I could not see what was happening. I saw the air dark with rivets before the charge on the first occasion, but, after a line of plain-clothes policemen had begun to beat their way through the crowd with ashplants, I saw nothing more but the smoke of my own breath till I was safe in a doorway a hundred yards away. On the second occasion, I had seen nothing at all when in a very dark street police suddenly appeared and a youth beside me went down under a baton. Again I ran, and when I drew up breathless, the friend who was with me said: "What the devil did you run for?" I said that I had run from the police after a youth beside me had been suddenly batoned by them. He said: "Nonsense. There was no police charge. It was all your imagination." I felt rather ashamed of myself for running away till evidence appeared in the newspapers that convinced my friend that there had actually been both a riot and a police-charge and that my race along York Street had been well justified. But what hopeless witnesses we should have made if we had been asked to give evidence about the events of the evening! Neither of us had seen in the darkness how the trouble began or indeed any sign of trouble before the charge except a mob in search of excitement; and my friend, who ran with me merely for the sake of company, did not even realise as he ran that he was being pursued by a horde of Tipperary Papishes thirsting for the feel of his skull under a well-aimed baton.

Not that everybody ran when the police charged in my native city. There were, unfortunately, thousands of heroic men and boys ready to face the police unarmed save for rivets and kidney-stones—ready, bold hearts, if they could not storm a police-barracks, to loot a public-house and carry home the bottles as spoils of war. I doubt, however, whether their evidence as to the behaviour of the police on such occasions would have been more valuable than my own. As a matter of fact, they were even more biased than I was. As they drained their borrowed bottles, they could think of nothing except of the fact that the police had made an absolutely unprovoked attack on them. And, I can assure you, they were as honest and sincere a set of boys and men as you could meet.

And the moral of all this? Not that the police are always right, but that forty or fifty years ago they were usually right in Belfast.

Y. Y.

AFTER EDINBURGH

[We are able to print only a selection from the large correspondence stimulated by Dr. Dalton's article in last week's issue.—*Ed. N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—I must join issue with Dr. Dalton's apologia for the Labour Party Conference as "being technically, for reasons outside the control of any of us, not a good conference." The reception of the conference decisions at the time by the delegates and since by the movement, putting aside altogether the comments of the less hostile elements of the press, was not due to any mere technical defect. Wherever I have been since the conference I have heard dismay expressed at its temper and its results.

There is the gravest danger to-day that a defeatist attitude may spread throughout the Divisional Labour Parties and that the political movement will thus find itself deprived of all effective power at this most critical time. This danger is, I believe, increased by an unwillingness, such as is shown in Dr. Dalton's article, and as was demonstrated on the platform at Edinburgh, to face up to the real issue presented to the Party by the inescapable facts of the present international situation.

Dr. Dalton's suggestion, that the question of how the Labour Party should vote in Parliament on the rearmament policy of the Government is a "comparatively minor, though important question," seems to me to be contradicted by his further statement that "the plain man pays more heed to votes in Parliament than to statements explaining them away." The so-called compromise at Edinburgh on the question of the Party's attitude to rearmament entirely omitted to deal with that to which the plain man attaches importance, but devoted itself to "explaining away" the vote in advance, whichever way it might be cast! Both sides on the platform, represented on the one hand by Morrison and Attlee and on the other by Walker and Dalton, were manœuvring to leave open the vital question, but to put their opponents into a less favourable position when that question had to be answered by the Parliamentary Party.

Before I deal with this issue let me say a few words about the so-called block vote. The difficulty that arises in this matter can be illustrated from the example quoted by Dr. Dalton, the issue of Communist affiliation. No one supposes that all the 400,000 miners were in favour of affiliation or that all the 250,000 transport and general workers were against it, but no one does or can know how many in each Union would, in fact, have voted each way. There might have been a clear majority for or against without altering in the least the operation of the block vote at the conference. So long as the block vote must be cast as a block, it is inevitable that very substantial minorities should be not only without representation, but actually forced to vote against their convictions. The same applies to the Constituency Parties, it is true, but the fact that each delegate is only casting one or two thousand votes against the huge number cast by the big Unions, obviously allows, in the case of the Constituency Parties, for a very much closer approximation to the views of the individual membership.

The Constituency Parties, however, are in an unfavourable position since they cannot swell their membership and voting power by the addition of the locally affiliated Trade Union membership. In one case of which I know, there are 84 branches of Trade Unions affiliated locally to the Divisional Party, yet not one of the affiliated members of these Trade Unions is permitted to exercise his voting power through the Divisional Labour Party to which he is affiliated.

It would be the gravest mistake to do anything to encourage antagonism between the constituency and the Trade Union vote. The Trade Unions are an essential and basic part of the Labour Party and the question is not whether we can obtain some divorce between the different elements, but how best it is possible for them to work together so as to achieve the maximum of democratic control within the Party itself. One hopeful and encouraging outcome of Edinburgh was the decision of the Constituency Parties to try to get together to concert suggestions for a fuller democratisation of the Party machinery. The very fact that one of the Trade Unions (the Railway Clerks' Association) took the lead in this matter at their own conference and on the Edinburgh agenda shows quite clearly that Trade Unionists as well as Constituency Parties are alive to the dangers which will arise if the lack of democracy within the Party is allowed to continue.

It is not a question of whether the Constituency Parties are outvoted by the block vote, but whether the final result is a true democratic reflection of the desires of the rank and file.

In the case of the votes on the Spanish resolution on the Monday and on the reference back of the Executive's resolution on the international situation, substantially the whole of the Constituency Parties were on one side and substantially the whole of the larger block votes on the other. In these circumstances it is legitimate to raise the question as to whether the Constituency Parties, with their large Trade Union content, are not more in touch with the political rank and file than those who cast the block votes.

There is no doubt that the Edinburgh Conference has once again emphasised the necessity for dealing with the democratisation of the Party. The Constituency Parties came away from the conference with a very real determination to play their full part in bringing about the desirable changes, and I feel confident that many Trade Unionists are equally anxious to assist in the solution of this fundamental problem.

While this problem is an important one it is not as vital as that which I have already touched upon at the beginning of this letter. The International resolution at the conference was an attempt to

compromise where compromise is not only dangerous but impossible. Let me try to state the case of Dr. Dalton as I see it.

The Fascist Powers are heavily rearming and are becoming more and more truculent as the surviving democratic countries retreat in successive stages before their blustering threats. We have so far maintained a capitalist democracy in this country, a state of affairs undoubtedly preferable to that of Fascism or Nazi-ism. The worst enemy to Trade Unionism, co-operation and working-class political liberty is Fascism. It is therefore argued that the Labour movement of this country should support rearmament as by so doing it is helping to reinforce democracy against Fascism. This argument is perfectly understandable, but it is essential to appreciate where it leads.

It must surely follow that if it is our duty to support rearmament it can only be in order that we may make the existing British Government—whatever its political texture—as strong as possible. We cannot under these circumstances remain an opposition force, for by that opposition we shall weaken the very Government that we declare it is necessary to strengthen. There is only one sensible thing to do under these circumstances, and that is to get into the Government as soon as possible and exert the maximum of pressure from the inside. This pressure, as MacDonald argued in 1931, will be far more effective than anything that can be done from without, and it will not weaken but strengthen the Government *vis-a-vis* its potential enemies abroad. There can be no case made out that I can see for supporting the Government on the main plank of its platform—rearmament, recruitment, and physical fitness—while at the same time sniping at it upon minor matters. Once the theory of national unity in the face of the "common" foe of German Fascism is accepted, it must lead to a united National Front sinking all class differences in the national unity. The Labour movement will then become the servant of the imperialism with the function of keeping the workers quiet while the imperialists get on with their war.

There is, I believe, only one alternative to that line of policy, and that is out-and-out opposition to the Government upon the basis that it represents a ruling class which events are driving towards Fascism, that it must inevitably be hostile to all working-class movements, and that the overthow of the British National Government is the sole hope for peace and democracy in the world to-day. Instead of supporting a national unity in which the interests of the British workers and British capitalists are assumed to be at one, a class unity must be the objective of our support based upon the broadly united purpose of all working-class parties, the capitalist classes being treated realistically as linked in a common determination to continue the domination of the workers by the methods of capitalist democracy or of Fascism, according to the momentary necessities of their different countries. This out-and-out opposition must, of course, include opposition to the Government's rearmament and recruiting programme, for the very reason that it is to-day their main preoccupation and, too, because by every judgment historic, economic and political, it is certain that they are not to be trusted to utilise their armaments to help the workers' cause in any part of the world. Their attitude to Japan, Germany, Italy and Spain in recent years proves abundantly their complete untrustworthiness, as do their actions in India and other parts of the Empire. If this policy is adopted, there is a chance of saving the Labour Party from absorption in the Totalitarian State and from a complete loss of all effective political power.

Success must depend upon the ability of the party to unite the workers in a full consciousness of their plight and a genuine realisation of the urgency of their position. Once we can obtain a strong and united front of the working class, it will be time enough to consider allying that unity with other elements of the population who are still hoping that democracy in England can be saved without great effort or sacrifice. Our first objective must be unity amongst the workers founded upon that conscious appreciation of the realities of the international class struggle which is to-day compelling the Spanish workers to such undreamt of heights of heroism.

I have not attempted to argue the merits of either case fully, but merely to state some of the implications in order to demonstrate how vital a decision it is which the Labour Party must take on its attitude to the Government's rearmament programme.

Between these two alternatives there lies no middle path except that of complete confusion and disillusionment for the people of this country. The tragedy of Edinburgh was the "tight-rope walking" by the platform on both sides, and the failure of the movement to accept the challenge of the events in Spain. To the ordinary man and woman the Party gives the appearance of such doubt and hesitancy that it is not recognised (as it should be) as the only and inevitable leader of the workers against the National Government's drive into war. Those on the platform who had beforehand ascertained that they could rely upon the large block votes, were unwilling to state frankly the full implication of the policy of supporting the Government's rearmament programme, because they knew how it would react upon the rank and file. Those of the National Executive who opposed the policy of co-operation with the Government knowing that they were in a minority were not prepared to disclose the true differences because they desired to maintain the formal unity of the Party and because, too, they felt that their point of view had a very much greater support amongst the rank and file than the conference vote would show. Both sides were indubitably acting as they considered best for the Party and were advancing views which were intended to indicate the actual line of action that they wished to pursue; but because both knew that the vote was not a democratic representation of rank and file opinion neither would risk a decision upon the real issue.

The hope of the Edinburgh Conference is that having brought to a head the difficulties as regards the democratisation of the Party it will compel a settlement of those difficulties. The demonstration of the dangers of vacillation and compromise in critical times will, I hope, force the workers to realise that the ultimate choice must be made by the rank and file in action. I trust that the rank and file of our movement will now take the choice into its own hands and will decide that the only hope for the British workers and for the world lies in a concentration of every atom of political power upon the single purpose of defeating the British National Government by a united class-conscious workers' movement.

STAFFORD CRIPPS

3 Elm Court, Temple, E.C.4

SIR,—It was good to find from last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that Dr. Hugh Dalton was setting himself free to devote his time to the work of his new office of Chairman of the Labour Party.

His article on the Edinburgh Conference reveals his sense of the urgent need of the present situation. It is indeed tragic that in the existing desperate state of European affairs, the great Party in the State that should provide a courageous and clear-sighted alternative to the muddle and drift of the present Government should suffer from the confusion displayed at Edinburgh.

Dr. Dalton says "it was not a good Conference." Indeed, no! It is possible that another Conference of the same kind would destroy the Party as an effective fighting force for a long time to come. The Constituency Labour Parties were so much dismayed at the separation that was revealed between themselves and some of the leaders of the great Trade Unions that command the block vote, that one constantly heard people exclaiming "What's the use of coming at all?" Much worse than this, however, they were disheartened by the lack of constructive fighting policy that lay behind the platform resolutions and which was responsible for the position in which the Conference found itself.

Parenthetically one may express the hope that, on the important—although minor—issue of Party Machinery, the "further considerations" Dr. Dalton promises will be effective and conceived in a generous spirit. The Constituency Parties are the "main body" of the Political Party; they carry on the fight all the time and, with infinite self-sacrifice, thousands of loyal members are the living agents of its propaganda. It is true that they do not provide the bulk of the "ways and means" but without them no amount of ways and means would avail. They are entitled to their share of the Executive of the Party by their own membership votes alone and not to feel themselves subordinate in Conference. There is, in fact, no conflict at all, but rather a deep community of interest between the Trade Unions and the local parties. The possibilities of profitable co-operation are abundant, and all that the case calls for is large-minded treatment.

As Dr. Dalton says, however, that the Spanish question lay like a shadow over the Conference, I wish that he had devoted more than a short paragraph to considering why. The double misconception that is involved in the resolution of the Executive which was so distasteful to the Conference is responsible for the indecision and lack of drive that was deplored.

Dr. Dalton is indeed entitled to say that there is no sense in calling for a policy which you are not prepared to support. But the case cannot stop there. What is the policy in question, and what may it involve? The contention is that if we had declared

that the Spanish Government should be allowed, according to the practice and usage of International Law, to purchase arms and material to enable it to put down rebellion in its own territory, it would have involved the risk of a "general European war." Would it? With whom?

In seeking an answer to these questions let us refresh our memories. It was the same tale, with appropriate variants, that was put forward a year ago and provided the excuse for not making sanctions effective against Italy in her aggression in Abyssinia. We were asked to believe that a general European war might result if the League of Nations had refused to supply all coal, iron, oil and every other necessity for war making. Even M. Laval had to be reticent when the other League nations (especially all those with interests in the Mediterranean) vigorously supported Sir Samuel Hoare in his pre-election declaration. Every one, with even an elementary inside knowledge of the naval and other possibilities involved, knew perfectly well that determined League action would not have involved war. Mussolini would not have been so mad as to attack that great League Association. He would have been bottled up in a fortnight if he had, and nobody knew this better than those who directed British policy. They are not imbeciles. The fact was, *and is*, that they deliberately preferred to "sacrifice" Abyssinia and League effectiveness rather than alienate Italy. It was not cowardice we suffered from, but treachery.

It is the same again now. If the League of Nations had been rallied with a courageous British leadership for the support of International Law for any State confronted with rebellion there would have been the same approval. It might indeed have been accompanied with some surprise and misgiving in view of what had happened over Abyssinia, but there is no doubt that every European League nation except Italy, and perhaps Portugal, would have supported the proposal with joy, if they were satisfied that we meant business. It would incidentally have relieved M. Blum of some of his chief internal difficulties. Also, does anyone suppose that Hitler would have been prepared to quarrel with us just now about Spain?

An assertion of League of Nations authority would not have increased the risk of war, it would have abated it—although no doubt, Mussolini, like other dictators, becomes greedier the more he is fed—and more truculent as well.

This is the first misconception behind the resolution submitted to the conference and the proof of it is displayed in the break-up that is now going on all over Europe—with the certainty that, if it is not arrested, war must come.

The second misconception is that this action (which excluded supplies from the Spanish Government within 48 hours) is some sort of high-minded neutrality. It is nothing of the kind. The people who invented it know perfectly well what it involves. It is based on a willingness to risk the success of Fascism in Spain rather than support a Government which might prove too sympathetic to a world order the diplomatists and those behind them dread above all things.

What the conference in Edinburgh objected to was not that British obligations in a determined League of Nations policy should be shirked—either in armaments or in anything else—but that our Party should be hamstrung in its opposition to a policy which at one and the same time gratifies dictators, smashes the League and makes a European catastrophe almost inevitable.

I agree entirely with Dr. Dalton in his objection to Mr. Cole's electoral defeatism. But the turnover of 1,750,000 votes will not be obtained by the advocacy of formulas on armaments or on anything else that mean one thing to one of its supporters and something entirely different to another. The British elector has no use for that sort of thing—as the delegates at Edinburgh had not.

The chief reason for the growing impotence of the League is that the invention of formulas has been allowed to be substituted for the working out of effective constructive international machinery for safeguarding peace and for righting international wrongs. It is this that the people are longing for. It would be a great and splendid task—by no means impossible of attainment even yet, I believe—and one which would call, first and foremost, for courageous British leadership.

The only "Popular Front" that is likely to be worth anything is a definition of purposes for the next Parliament which plain people can understand and become crusaders for. I do not believe that such a definition is by any means impossible and in the forefront of it there must be a statement of the sort of International order we are prepared to work for and support to the uttermost in order to save civilisation. CHRISTOPHER ADDISON

SIR,—"One of the curses of MacDonaldism before 1929," writes Dr. Dalton, "was an utter lack of preparation on the home front. Nothing but empty phrases!"

Is there no psycho-analyst friend of his who can free him from his obsession about Mr. MacDonald, and its resultant distortions of history? There is no pleasure in the spectacle of a powerful mind made slightly ridiculous by a kink of that sort.

The allegation that the Labour Party in 1929 was unprepared with detailed policies is untrue, and most unjust to the responsible officers at Headquarters, let alone Mr. MacDonald. The Party had long been aware of the need of thought and research for the purpose of translating propaganda into action, and much unselfish and fruitful effort was devoted to that object. What was so disappointing in 1929 was not the absence of preparatory work but the existence of a Government either unable or unwilling to make use of it. R. D. DENMAN

House of Commons, S.W.1.

SIR,—There is one sentence in Dr. Dalton's article on the Edinburgh Conference which deserves some little comment. "Technically, therefore," he writes, "for reasons outside the control of any of us, it was not a good conference."

That view, as I have since learned, is shared by many of the delegates; though most of those to whom I have spoken would omit those remarkable words "technically" and "outside the control of any of us." They would say, for a number of reasons, that it was the worst annual conference in the post-war history of the party.

(1) They would point out that the Executive had no clear direction to give on any single aspect of international affairs. They evaded the real issue in Spain; they evaded the real issue on disarmament; they evaded the real issue on collective security. As Mr. Leonard Woolf has rightly written in your last issue, they have left the country convinced "that the Labour Party has nothing better to offer than the Government—a policy of ambiguity, muddle and drift."

(2) On the treatment of the unemployed, especially in the distressed areas, the Executive gave no lead at all. It merely passed a pious resolution, to which it knows the Government will pay no attention, which postpones any hope of effective action until the manœuvres of the next general election.

(3) The Executive deliberately evaded a full discussion upon the vital issue of working-class unity. They used the presence of the Spanish delegation to prevent the expression of views it was the right of members of the conference to put forward.

(4) On the question of constitutional reform within the party—on which, as Dr. Dalton knows well, there is deep feeling in the movement—the Executive again evaded a discussion. It will now be another year before even the date of the Annual Conference can be discussed.

(5) The motion of the Railway Clerks' Association for a short-term programme was not discussed, even though Dr. Dalton tells us that the Executive was prepared to accept it. This will lose the movement a full year's propaganda during which the electorate might have been familiarised with its significance.

Dr. Dalton tells us that Labour can win a majority with a transfer of $1\frac{3}{4}$ million votes. But the way to that transfer lies through effective leadership. That was not absent from Edinburgh for "technical" reasons "outside the control" of the National Executive. Clarity of purpose and clear diagnosis are always at the disposal of party leaders. When they do not display them it is not "technical" grounds that explain their absence; it is an unwillingness squarely to confront the position. What the rank and file of the party complain of at Edinburgh is the lack of courage and of a coherent philosophy of action there displayed. It is their absence, and not "technical" difficulties which made Edinburgh a bad business.

Dr. Dalton may well be right in attacking the "expensively educated" members of the movement; none should know the limitations of an expensive education better than he. But before he sets out on his "political race shooting" expedition I hope he will, as chairman of the National Executive, use his great authority both to get the tiger defined with precision and to secure agreement upon the method of its destruction.

Little Bardfield, Essex. HAROLD J. LASKI

SIR,—The bitter tears which Dr. Dalton tells us are being shed by the National Executive in the cause of the Spanish workers should not be allowed to blind him or them to the significant

fact that at Edinburgh, for the first time, the political rank and file of the Party has revolted against an intolerable and undemocratic system which makes a mockery of all the democratic pretensions of the Labour movement. This revolt of the Constituency Labour Parties has come with a bang which has surprised even those who were most prepared for its coming.

The Constituency Labour Parties represent the real political and Socialist element inside the Party. We do the work of the Party and it is we who raise and spend enormous sums on behalf of the Party which never appear in the national balance sheet. Without the Constituency Parties there would be no national political Labour movement to-day. Yet this important section of the Party has been treated with a neglect and contempt which in the course of years has made it harder and harder for the self-respecting progressive political elements in the country to take any part in our work. We have not even got direct representation on the national executive and our part in the annual Party conference has been a joke for years.

I do not believe, myself, that the question of the block vote arises in the present circumstances. The root of the trouble inside the Labour Party lies in the fact that it is governed by an unrepresentative National Executive which has shown itself not only incapable of leadership but actually ignorant, stupid and completely out of touch with its local organisations.

Ever since 1918 the inherent weakness of the Labour Party constitution with its lack of direct representation on the supreme governing authority has been apparent and a ceaseless agitation for more democratic representation has been carried on. Events since 1931 have made this direct representation an urgent and pressing necessity. With a blind perverseness the National Executive have systematically refused to go into this question and this year they not only refused, without stating any reasons, but they made only one real proposal to alter the constitution, and that was that no further discussion on the constitutional question shall be allowed except at three-year periods—beginning with 1939 !

Dr. Dalton seems to think it was unfortunate that the Spanish situation prevented a proper discussion on the constitution. I hope he will realise in time that if there was one wise thing the National Executive did do at Edinburgh, it was when it bowed to the storm and withdrew its own proposals at the eleventh hour. The National Executive are fully entitled to the credit for this wise and statesmanlike act, and it is a pity that Dr. Dalton should be so modest as not to desire to share in the credit. If there is one thing certain it is that if the National Executive had proceeded to force through their recommendations on the constitution (as they could easily have done) the Party would have been irrevocably split.

Whatever happens in future, it must be clearly realised that the Constituency Labour Parties are no longer going to be the servile neglected element in the Party they have been up to now. From now on the Constituency Parties will be the real force inside the Labour Party and the sooner the National Executive appreciate this new development, the better for the Party and the Socialist movement in this country.

The Home Counties Labour Association,
The Hall Cottage, Berkhamsted

BEN GREENE

SIR,—Though I am in agreement with nearly all of Dr. Dalton's views about the Edinburgh Conference, he does not seem to me quite fair about the Constituency Parties. Their grievances are not so simple, nor so easily confuted. I have attended most of the last fifteen conferences, but cannot remember one in which this old trouble has arisen in such an acute form. I have noticed a widespread and growing feeling that it is not worth while for a Divisional Labour Party to incur the expense of sending a delegate who can have no influence on the proceedings. Of the 290 parties which were represented, many only sent delegates because a candidate, or some private member, offered to go for part of the time at his own expense.

It is little use to say that the matter will be cured by an increase in individual membership. Dr. Dalton has enough experience of "difficult" constituencies to know what a job it is to work up a large membership in most parts of the country, especially where there is no full-time agent. But even if the membership rose to 600,000 it would make no appreciable difference. There have been very few important and controversial questions—except birth control—about which the majority has been less than a million.

I believe that there is little objection to the ultimate control of policy, especially of domestic policy, remaining with the Trade Unions. This is not because they "pay the piper," for that is a dubious argument, but because they represent actual membership. Certainly I have no sympathy with those who, like the I.L.P. in the old days, exploit the grievances of the constituencies in order to press for some particular set of views. It is not the block vote so much as the method of its application which is open to criticism.

1. The ten or twenty individuals who wield the large votes seem to come to the conference with definite instructions, not only on main lines of policy, but on comparatively minor questions, some of which are chiefly of interest to Constituency Parties. We have no evidence that these minor points have been seriously discussed by the Unions, or that certain arguments were put before the rank and file.

In theory the constituency delegates also have their instructions. In practice most D.L.P's. give their delegates a very free hand, perhaps asking them to vote on one or two points in which they are specially interested.

2. The fact that the vote is settled beforehand destroys the interest of the conference. The tail likes to think it may, perhaps, wag the dog. It kills a debate to know that it is useless to bring forward new facts and new ideas. In some cases, regarding foreign policy, important events may occur in the days immediately preceding the conference.

3. It is widely believed that there is often important support inside the Unions for views which are held by a majority, though not of course by all, of the constituency representatives. In the small units of the constituencies different shades of opinion are likely to appear which are crushed out of the Union vote.

4. There is an impression, possibly erroneous, that the block vote will always support the Executive in times of difficulty, or on points of procedure. I have noticed the increasing invulnerability of the "platform" during the past fifteen years. It is well buttressed by the power of apportioning time, by the dragooning methods of the Standing Orders Committee, and the curious custom by which debates on resolutions critical of the Executive are usually concluded by a speech from the "platform" rather than a reply from the mover. With the block vote behind them, the Executive can, and sometimes does, get away very easily with a very weak case.

I should suggest to the Trade Union leaders that working in the four hundred doubtful constituencies has not been all beer and skittles during the last fifteen years, even for candidates. If a feeling of grievance and frustration exists amongst the comparatively small groups of men and women who have kept their parties going through these difficult times, it is a serious matter which will affect the efficiency of the movement. I cannot enter here into the various suggestions that have been made, some of which are probably impractical, but I believe that only good could result from informal meetings between a few Union leaders and some of those who have had long experience of fighting the kind of seats which we do *not* hold in the present Parliament.

G. T. GARRATT

SIR,—The spectacle of Dr. Dalton with streaming eyes at Edinburgh ("the moving speeches of the Spanish fraternal delegates, which left few of us dry-eyed" !) reminds one of nothing so much as of Sir John Simon's blood boiling. It would have been worth a journey to Edinburgh to see. But the more prudent of us suspecting a more humiliating exhibition, with far more disastrous consequences, stopped away. However, that is not my subject; Mr. Woolf has dealt with that.

I write simply to correct an elementary mistake in Dr. Dalton's thinking, elementary, yet the whole of his argument against an electoral understanding with the Liberals depends upon it. He says that "a turnover of 1,750,000 votes, or less than 15 per cent. of the total Government vote at the last General Election, would put Labour in front and probably return a clear Labour majority to Westminster." This is really too simple. The point is that *it entirely depends upon how the turn-over of votes is distributed.* Even if we can suppose a turnover of 1,750,000 votes—and the Edinburgh Conference did nothing to advance it—it by no means follows that these votes would be distributed in such a way as to bring about the maximum gain in seats. Indeed it is theoretically possible for a turn-over like that to come about with very little change in the number of seats held. For instance, we might put on a large number of votes in most of the seats at present held by Tories without actually gaining the seat, but just coming behind in every one. That is merely an illustration, which I am sure Dr. Dalton with his statistical knowledge will appreciate.

But, in fact, the actual situation is much more likely to be that, than that such a turnover, if there is one, will bring about a maximum gain in seats. We already have a considerable share of industrial seats; where we lag behind is in the rural areas. Now we might enormously increase our vote in the country constituencies without its affecting our representation much in the House of Commons.

It is that which makes imperative some electoral undertaking with the Liberals. It is so silly (besides being fatal) for us and the Liberals to go on opposing each other all over the countryside, in many areas letting in numbers of Tories on a minority vote. We could perfectly easily, with a little common sense (though perhaps that is too much to hope for in politics), assure each other a much truer and fairer representation in Parliament than as things are at present. It merely means a number of local understandings between Liberals and Labour to stand down for and support each other's candidates.

Take the situation in the south-western counties, Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, Dorset, Wiltshire. The votes at the last election were roughly in the proportion of five Government to four Opposition (Liberal and Labour). The result in seats was twenty-five Government members, two Liberals, and not a single Labour member. When you take the position in the South of England as a whole, the counties south of the Thames, about 830,000 people voted Labour at the last election, and not a single Labour seat!

When you consider facts such as these, I should have thought a little fresh thinking on the part of the Labour executive is about overdue, let alone the repetition of such simple fallacies as that upon which Dr. Dalton's case against my understanding rests.

A. L. ROWSE

SIR,—When Dr. Dalton tells us that the executive of the Labour Party is at present engaged on the preparation of a programme which will not only be short and of wide appeal, but will also be capable of ready translation into laws, he gives us good news. And when he goes on to say that the difficulty is to know what to leave out, he sets all of us pondering what our own order of priorities would be if the decision lay with us. In this connection I want to ask that a matter be not overlooked which is liable to be the deciding factor in any strife between a Socialist and a capitalist order of society. It is the ensuring that money shall no longer play any part in securing access to the officer class in Army, Navy and Air Force.

A. K. BULLEY

Ness, Neston,
Wirral, Cheshire.

Correspondence

BRITISH POLICY

SIR,—The chaotic condition of the world, growing weekly more serious, must involve for us all some reconsideration of immediate policy. The collective system of the League of Nations remains the only sure and certain hope of bringing peace to the world, but it has been destroyed very largely by the actions of the British Government, and after the Abyssinian betrayal simply does not exist.

It is still not too late to save the situation if the Government would return to the policy for which they received the support of the electors last November. Unless and until this policy is resumed and tried out, as it never has been, I submit that the next best alternative—and a very poor one at that—is complete isolation. No Continental quarrel, however near, is worth the sacrifice of the life of a single British subject, unless it were part of a world-wide collective system. If this were a reality, no sacrifice of life would be involved because, of course, by such a system peace could be maintained.

I write to ask if it would not be useful at the present stage if some means could be found by a ballot or otherwise of ascertaining the views of those of military age on present issues. If, for example, it were brought to the knowledge of the Government that there were a very large number of persons who were prepared to respond to a recruiting appeal only if they were satisfied that their services were required solely for the maintenance of world order through the collective system of the League of Nations, it might have considerable influence on foreign policy. At present we are drifting into a position where in the event of war this country will be impotent through internal controversy. Some say they will not fight in any circumstances; others whenever called upon by the Government. A third section are willing to fight, but only on behalf of the collective system, believing that everything else is futile.

It would surely be very useful for the Government and all of us to be able to form some idea of what the feeling in the country really is.

GEOFFREY LE M. MANDER

FASCISM AT HAMPSTEAD

SIR,—Here are some impressions of the Fascist meeting held at the Hampstead Town Hall, written the day after from notes made immediately after the meeting. (If any accounts have appeared in the press I have not seen them, except for a note in the *Times*.) I had not attended any Fascist meeting before, except the open-air assemblies at White Stone Pond, believing that to absent oneself is the most effective way of discouraging one's opponents. Having, however, taken part in a deputation to the Mayor of Hampstead to plead that steps should be taken to ensure the proper conduct of the meeting, I felt it my duty to attend.

The speaker was Mr. William Joyce, who indulged chiefly in anti-Jewish abuse. "Simians with prehensile toes," "crawling vermin," and "lousy semi-Orientals," were some of the gems of his oratory. Another was a sparkling comparison of Drake with Moses, in which the former won hands down. One girl was told she had only come to the meeting because she was too ugly to attract men.

There was a good deal of interruption, though not nearly so much as is considered usual in this country when keenly debated political questions are discussed. A large number of uniformed stewards at once gathered round a group of interrupters, who, I judge, were local Communists. From time to time Mr. Joyce pointed to some individual and exclaimed: "Out with him; I've had enough of him." Nobody was ever asked to leave; it was always, "Shut up you; take him out." The person pointed out was immediately seized by from four to eight or nine stewards, raised bodily from his or her seat and flung (I use the word deliberately) out of the hall. One steward full-fistedly grabbed a girl by her hair and literally tore her out of her seat. Another girl lost her shoes in the struggle and kept crying that she wanted to go out quietly. This she was not allowed to do. Having, in her stockinged feet, tried to escape from the men stewards by climbing over several rows, several sets of chairs were pushed over by two women stewards who pursued the girl, who was making for the exit as fast as she could, caught hold of her and bodily dragged her out of the hall. There were in all about fifteen such incidents, of which the ones I have described were not the most violent. I have chosen these because they took place within a few feet of me.

Such incidents are, I understand, common form at Fascist meetings. The one that follows is, I hope, rarer. My wife and I left before the end of the meeting, while the speaker was purporting to answer questions. As we walked down the steps of the Town Hall I caught sight of a friend, Mr. Diamond, one of the candidates at the recent Borough Council by-election in Hampstead. I walked up to him to ask him a question. As I opened my mouth a policeman came up from behind me and roughly told me to move on. As I looked round in surprise he added, in brutal tones, "Yes, you, get on with you." So saying he hustled my wife and myself off the pavement on to the road at the corner of Haverstock Hill. As I stumbled into the road I saw that a mounted policeman was standing broadside on about two yards away. The moment he saw me this policeman turned his horse and deliberately rode it directly at me. Had I not skipped quickly aside I should certainly have been knocked down. From first to last I had not been guilty of the slightest shadow of provocative or offensive speech or behaviour.

Now it is clear that the behaviour of these policemen was monstrous. It has to be remembered, however, that policemen are also men and have nerves; and such is the atmosphere produced by Fascist assemblies that even Hampstead policemen, who are at least as decent a body of men as any in London, can be worried into behaving as they did to me. I will point no moral.

THEODORE BESTERMAN

Guyon House, 98 Heath Street, N.W.3.

[This letter is referred to in our Comments. We have received several detailed corroborations of the facts as stated in this letter from other independent witnesses.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

FASCISM AND LIBERTY

SIR,—The National Council for Civil Liberties has been closely following the events which took place in the East End on Sunday, October 4th, and has studied the Home Secretary's statement on the rights of public meeting and procession.

The Council believes that it is vitally important to preserve intact the rights of public meeting and procession which exist in this country, and would view with grave concern any attempt to give the Government power to prohibit meetings in advance. The right of any citizen to organise a meeting, a demonstration or a procession without the previous permission of the Executive is a right which, in the opinion of the National Council, should be jealously safeguarded.

At the same time, the Council realises that events such as those which occurred on October 4th cannot be allowed to recur. The Council, therefore, invites the Government to consider whether the organisation of a uniformed semi-military force with motor-cycle dispatch-riders and ambulance brigades, its parade and review in the public streets by its leader, and a proposed march through a Jewish neighbourhood to the accompaniment of slogans such as "We gotta get rid of the Yids," is a procession for the purposes of propaganda, or whether its only purpose was a display of force and terror, and whether such a display is not a breach of the law relating to unlawful assemblies.

The usual definition of an Unlawful Assembly is as follows:

> An assembly of three or more persons with intent either (*a*) to commit a crime by open force or (*b*) to carry out any common purpose, lawful or unlawful, in such a manner as to give firm and courageous persons in the neighbourhood of such assembly reasonable grounds to apprehend a breach of the peace in consequence of it.

(See Halsbury's *Laws of England*, Hailsham's ed., Vol. 9, p. 213. See also Archbold's *Criminal Pleading*, 28th edition, p. 1253.)

RONALD KIDD,
Secretary.
The National Council for Civil Liberties,
99a Charing Cross Road,
London, W.C.2.

REPRESSION IN AUSTRIA

SIR,—The Austrian Chancellor stated recently that he is not and never will be a dictator. In spite of this assurance there are certain features of the present Austrian regime which continue to be extremely disquieting to informed public opinion in this country. We wish in particular to draw the attention of your readers to the following facts.

On the 22nd of July last a political amnesty was granted to those adherents of the Nazi, Socialist and Communist parties who had been sentenced in the law courts, and a pledge was also given that a second amnesty would follow for those sentenced by police officials and detained in concentration camps. In consequence of the demonstrations at the Olympic festivities—demonstrations for which the Nazis were wholly responsible—the pledge was withdrawn, the second amnesty was suspended, and Socialists and Communists as well as Nazis were all left in concentration camps.

On the 4th of September it was announced that the second amnesty would be granted, but it was to be applied only gradually and individually. In effect, a large number of Nazis were set free, while practically all Socialists and Communists were left in the concentration camps. Recently some very disturbing evidence has reached this country that in return Nazi help is being given to the authorities in tracking down the adherents of the Left.

Special evidence of the way in which the arbitrary power of the police is being exercised is provided by two cases which have recently been brought to our attention.

Fräulein Trude Kurz, a school teacher, was arrested in April last. No legal charge was brought against her. She was, nevertheless, sentenced by the police to four months' detention in the central police prison, which is also used as a concentration camp for women. As she had not been sentenced in a law court the July amnesty did not cover her case. When her police sentence expired, instead of being released, she was transferred to the ordinary law court prison, the police requesting that a legal charge be brought against her. The public prosecutor, however, said that he was not able to do this as in any case she would be covered by the July amnesty. She was thereupon transported back to the central police station, where a further sentence of ten months' detention was passed on her. Fräulein Kurz has been kept in solitary confinement, denied the use of warm clothes and writing material, and is known to have been on hunger-strike twice.

Herr Franz Rauscher, a railway official, was one of the thirty Socialists tried last March, after having been kept in prison for fourteen months. He received the lightest sentence of all—four months. When his sentence expired the police sentenced him to further three months' detention at Woellersdorf concentration camp. He was at this concentration camp at the time of the July amnesty, which, therefore, did not apply to him, although under it many of those who had received longer sentences at the March trial were released. When his police sentence expired, on the 25th of September, a further police sentence was passed upon him. No grounds were given for this.

So long as cases of this kind exist—and we fear that they are by no means uncommon—it is difficult for English people, however well disposed they may be towards Austria, to feel anything but distrust of the present regime in that country. We venture to hope that the Austrian Chancellor will take steps to put right such flagrant injustices and to restrict the arbitrary power of the police.

ERNEST BARKER
GEOFFREY LE M. MANDER, M.P.
R. H. TAWNEY
ALLEN OF HURTWOOD
G. H. OLDHAM
G. P. GOOCH
CARL HEATH

THE SPANISH CONFLICT

SIR,—I think I can answer Professor Allison Peers. In April, 1931, the demand of the overwhelming majority of the Spanish people for a "new deal" found expression in an emphatic verdict for Republic and social justice and against Monarchy and privilege. In country districts, it is true, under the usual pressure a majority of votes were cast for the *status quo*. By common consent, however, these echoes of "rural feudalism" (the phrase is taken from the Republican Committee's manifesto when the result of the polling in the chief towns was known) were unheeded. The principal institutions of the State accepted that verdict.

To-day that same "general will," in the language of Rousseau, is expressed in the duly elected regime of the People's Front. (To the parties that gave it a bare majority—over Right *and* Centre—last February must now be added the Basque Nationalists and a certain proportion of non-party men and women who are enemies of privilege.) It is the institutions that have changed, that have stabbed the Republic in the back for the benefit of the hierarchies of Church, Army and landed property whose record in the past scarcely suggests any inclination to social justice.

Under present conditions, as Professor Peers says, there is no means of assessing the actual numbers of loyalists and *facciosos*. But, if the insurgents enjoy so much support, it certainly seems strange that General Franco should rely to such an extent on Germans, Italians and Moors to secure expression of the national will! The number of Spanish auxiliaries with the rebels, I see, is estimated by Mr. John Wilson, the young British aviator who has been serving on the Government side, at no more than 10 per cent.

General Mola tells us, in an interview in the *Times*, that "the people" are giving "their jewellery" to the cause! It looks rather as if Professor Allison Peers is thinking in terms of such "people" and overlooking the common man, of whom I suggest the twenty-nine signatories of the *Times* letter in question (*quorum minima pars fui*) had in mind.

W. HORSFALL CARTER
11 Woronzow Road,
London, N.8.

WHAT'S IN THE LIBRARY?

SIR,—Mr. Goldring's letter moved me, to-day, to ascertain what food for the mind was provided by the Public Library of my own enlightened and progressive Borough of Holborn, wherein, as your readers will be aware, the greater part of Bloomsbury is situated.

Holborn, it should perhaps be explained, once had two municipal libraries; some years ago, however, the branch serving Bloomsbury was closed, and replaced by a maternity clinic—presumably as a concession to a new trend in Bloomsbury's interests which, so far as I am aware, has not been sufficiently noted by sociologists.

I went forth, therefore, to the Central (and only) library, and examined the Catalogue. Two copies of this work were provided for prospective readers. Fiction and Non-Fiction, I discovered, had separate catalogues. The Non-Fiction Catalogue was charm-

ingly bound in maroon half-leather, and the pages seemed intact. The Fiction Catalogue consisted of a number of separate sheets—apparently some years ago they had formed a bound book, but the hand of Time had treated them harshly—arranged, by the caprice of some recent consultant, in an order that was anything but alphabetical. H, for example, was mostly in the middle of S, but other small portions of it were distributed among B, P and L.

However, I was glad to discover that we are—as might be expected—far ahead of Kensington, which we Bloomsburgians have long suspected to be a little pre-War. We have four Lawrences: *Sons and Lovers*, *The Rainbow*, *Aaron's Rod*, and *The Man Who Died*. True, we have no Norman Douglas whatever: but we can offer Mr. Goldring eight Aldous Huxleys (not, however, so far as I could discover, either *Point Counter Point* or *Eyeless in Gaza*). We positively bristle with Richard Aldington: *Death of a Hero*, *The Colonel's Daughter*, *Soft Answers*, *Artifex*, *Roads to Glory* and *All Men are Enemies* are all at our service. Marcel Proust we have not yet heard of—even in the original: but we can supply *Doom of Youth* by Wyndham Lewis, and three Maxes, besides the book on Tree—*More*, *Seven Men*, and *A Christmas Garland*. But my real quarrel with Mr. Goldring concerns his last paragraph. I do not believe that Kensington, with all its three libraries, can equal our list of seventy-three titles by Emma Jane Worboise. If I am wrong, I still challenge him with fifteen works by Ben Bolt, fifty-six by W. E. Norris, sixty-two by Winifred Graham (several of them temptingly marked with a little bracketed note, "Mormonism") and seventy-three by Miss Braddon.

Mr. Goldring may be interested to know that we have even heard of *him*. We can "do" *Black Curtain*, *The Merchant of Souls*, and *The Facade*.

A. S. B. GLOVER

3 Freshford House,
Old Gloucester Street, W.C.1.

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY

SIR,—Prominence has been given in some sections of the press to an extract from an Italian journal which quotes Sir Oswald Mosley to the effect that support is being given to his Fascist movement by "a number of industrialists in the North." It so happens that the name of our Chairman is Oswald Moseley and our works are in the North. We should, therefore, be greatly obliged if you would allow us the hospitality of your columns to make it clear that this Company and its Chairman have no connection whatsoever with Sir Oswald Mosley or his movement. We are rubber manufacturers and not in the least interested in any political party as such.

David Moseley and Sons, Ltd.,
Chapel Field Works,
Ardwick, Manchester.

C. E. MOSELEY,
Director

FASCIST TENDENCIES IN FINLAND

SIR,—As one with some knowledge and regard for Finland and its people, I have noticed with concern the publication in certain of the more progressive organs of the press paragraphs and articles of a character hostile to that country, which I have read with mingled feelings of amusement and indignation; but when I read the note in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of October 17th I felt, on the grounds that one does not like to see or hear those for whom one has regard acting or talking wrongly, I would crave space to present an aspect of the case as I see it from my own knowledge and contacts.

The immediate grounds for criticism appear to be the trial of Antikainen for a particularly atrocious murder. Without discussing whether Antikainen is guilty or not guilty, do the facts warrant statements that "Nazi Judicial methods have already been established on a fairly secure basis in Finland." Witnesses were called for the defence, some from Russia, and the judiciary and the Public Prosecutor, as in this country, are outside the interference of the Government. The Government simply cannot intervene in this case before it is *res judicata*, and Antikainen has again put in an appeal. Your statement that "the trial was staged with the primary purpose of stirring up feeling against the Soviet Union" is a little difficult to understand. Apart from the unlikelihood of a small country with a population of less than four millions of people wanting to quarrel with a huge and powerful neighbour with a population of one hundred and sixty millions, why should the trial have been staged for such purpose? Everyone in Finland wants to live in peace and good understanding with the Soviet Government which has displayed not the slightest interest in Antikainen. If for some incomprehensible reason Finland had wanted to stir up feeling against Soviet Russia it is unlikely that they should have done it by prosecuting a Finnish Communist for the murder of another Finn. As a matter of cold fact the official relations between Soviet Russia and Finland are better than they have been for a long time.

Might I refer briefly to another point? What is meant by the "Campaign of Nazification" in Finland. What are the various repressive laws under which many outspoken liberals have been fined? When have protests against press censorship, which does not exist, "been declared illegal"? Finland was one of the first, if not the first, to prohibit parades of uniformed Nazis. If it be true that freedom of speech and of the press are suppressed in Finland, how comes it that at the last election, in July last, that the Socialist party increased their numbers in Parliament from 78 to 83 and are now the strongest party in Parliament?

House of Commons. CHAS. G. AMMON

[Someone has been leading Mr. Ammon up the garden. Reports from people who have visited Finland recently agree about the extent and success of Nazi propaganda, nor is it any secret that the Finnish Government is strongly anti-Soviet and that Finland is regarded by the Nazis as a valuable base for anti-Soviet activities and preparation. The Antikainen case was typical of Fascist methods. Though ostensibly a purely criminal and non-political trial, it was organised throughout by the secret political police; hearsay evidence, normally not admissible in Finnish courts, constituted four-fifths of the case for the prosecution, and, though it is true that witnesses for the defence were eventually permitted, this was only after a re-trial had been ordered as a result mainly of international publicity and pressure. The defence was refused permission to call more witnesses on the ground that it would take too long for them to arrive from Russia—a journey of fifteen hours, and that when more than a year had elapsed since Antikainen had been put on trial for a crime he was alleged to have committed fifteen years before.

Mr. Ammon seems not to have heard of the Liberal paper *Tulenkandajat* which was indicted for publishing English and Swedish comments of the Antikainen case. Nor does Mr. Ammon realise that the so-called "Socialist" Party is only permitted to exist because it is so little Socialist. Even so, strenuous efforts were made to suppress it immediately before the elections last July. The Communist Party has been illegal for years and an attempt a few years ago to establish a genuine Socialist Party resulted in its promoters being sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

HUMANE TRAPPING

SIR,—As my two letters on the cruelties of the fur trade have met with such a remarkable response from readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, I would like also to tell them something about ordinary trapping.

The cruel gin is like a relic of mediaeval times, and the torture inflicted by it is akin to that of the thumb-screw which crushed the bone until the marrow oozed out. If rabbits could only be trapped in this way for a single night in any of our London parks, such a public outcry would be raised that gin traps would have to be abolished by law at once. Why is this state of things allowed to continue in our country districts? There are at least ten other efficient ways of catching rabbits about which I issue a separate leaflet on Humane Trapping.

Even rats or mice should not be needlessly tortured. The new Gripper Traps now recommended by the R.S.P.C.A. for rats, mice and moles are highly efficient, and can be obtained by any ironmonger; these kill instantly, without any torture.

Wappenham, Towcester, Northants.

C. VAN DER BYL (Major),
The Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign

W.E.A. CLASSES

SIR,—I read with great pleasure Mr. C. M. Joad's article on "The Salt of the Earth."

There is just one point which might be open to misunderstanding. Mr. Joad states that "at the average W.E.A. classes no books are provided." This is wrong. There is an understanding that W.E.A. classes shall be supplied with books by the Public Libraries and that where the books required are not in the Library, they are supplied by the National Central Library.

It would be the exception and not the rule not to find in W.E.A.

classes its box of books. I think that this should be stated if only in fairness to the Librarians and the National Central Library, who supply thousands of books to W.E.A. classes every year.

38A St. George's Road, Victoria, London, S.W. ERNEST GREEN, General Secretary

CARE COMMITTEES

SIR,—We talk and read much about the children in our schools, their health, food and conditions of living. I wonder if any of your readers are willing to undertake some practical, voluntary work for their welfare? Two—three hours a week, given regularly, are of great value, and, for those who have more time, there is work of even increasing interest.

For every school the L.C.C. organises a Care Committee, composed of visitors and a secretary, and one district in North London is, at the present time, in particular need of such helpers, although the work covers the whole of London.

It is difficult to believe that, among your many readers, there are not some of either sex with time and willingness to help. The office for the district mentioned is: 72 Pentonville Road, N.1. (Terminus 3756.) SHEILA BARNES

Miscellany

THE INVASION OF THE RIVERS

THE course of evolution must always provide the most fascinating of all fields of speculation: the issues are to us, organic beings, of such overwhelming importance; the evidence taken in bulk is so entirely convincing and yet in detail so exasperatingly incomplete. Life, it is generally agreed, must have originated in sea water. For long ages it probably remained therein, its members imprisoned behind the intangible bars of a permeable covering. Freshwater and air were alike deadly to these early animals; in the one they suffered a fatal dilution of their body fluids, in the other an equally fatal loss through evaporation.

The evolution of the higher forms of animal life has been marked by an ever-increasing complexity of structure and by a less obvious, but if anything still more important, emancipation from the shackles of the physical environment. The passage from the sea to freshwater represented a supremely important step in this process of emancipation. Although the main line of structural evolution continued to take place in the sea, representatives of many groups, from the lowly protozoans to the piscine ancestors of man himself, made independent passage into freshwater.

To each of these the same two problems were presented: the maintenance of the body fluids in the individual and the provision within the egg of the salts necessary for its development and so for the continuance of the race. The two problems are independent and, as we shall see, an animal may solve the former and fail to solve the latter, in which case, although the adult may live in freshwater, reproduction and early development must take place in the sea.

Organisms can only maintain life when their constituent cells are bathed in a fluid containing a certain necessary balance of salts. These salts are present in approximately the right proportions in seawater. The invasion of freshwater became possible when the constitution of this internal environment became independent of the external environment; in other words, when membranes were evolved which, as a result of the expenditure of energy, were able to prevent alike the outward passage of these vitally important salts and the inward passage of freshwater which would cause their equally disastrous dilution.

This emancipation of the animal from dependence on seawater must have been a gradual process. Animals probably first acquired the capacity to combat the effect of the changing salinities of the shore and estuarine waters before finally passing into rivers and lakes beyond tidal influence. Swimming crabs from the open sea when placed in diluted seawater proceed to take in water and to lose salts and as a result quickly die. But the common shore crab is capable of withstanding very considerable dilution of the surrounding seawater without ill-effect. It has acquired the power of regulating the nature of its body fluids irrespective of the environment, although only to a limited extent, because the mechanism breaks down when dilution increases beyond a certain point. The culmination of this process is seen in other crabs which have carried it to a successful conclusion and penetrated the rivers far into the land.

One of these freshwater species is the Chinese mitten crab, which is of considerable topical interest, because it has recently spread to this country after being accidentally introduced into the rivers of Germany some twenty-five years ago. This animal, which owes its common name to the hairy appearance of its large claws, is a native of the rivers of north China extending as far south as Shanghai, and was probably carried to Europe in the seawater ballast tanks of steamers. It was first observed in a tributary of the Weser in September, 1912, and since then has spread into the other rivers of Germany, Holland and Belgium. It now extends up the Elbe as far as Prague in Czechoslovakia, up the Oder beyond Breslau in Silesia, and up the Rhine beyond Mainz. It is an extremely hardy animal, able to live equally well in fresh- or seawater, no matter whether this is stagnant or freely flowing, and can withstand high temperatures and even exposure to the air for a week or more. On occasion it actually comes on land of its own volition. It does a great deal of damage owing to its habit of excavating burrows, very like those of water rats, in the banks of rivers or canals. The extent of the damage is indicated by the statement that as many as thirty burrows, each some two inches wide and up to two feet long, may occur within one square yard.

These animals now constitute a serious pest in European rivers; they have increased at an alarming pace, it being estimated that no less than half a ton of crabs were taken in one haul of a net in the Elbe. They appear to have few natural enemies and the numbers which are eaten, notably by fish and by brown rats, are more than offset by the rapid rate of reproduction. During last year a specimen was caught in the Thames and it appears more than probable that before very long the mitten crab will become a normal inhabitant of our rivers and be added to the now long list of successful invaders of this country.

But despite its remarkable success in combating all manner of environmental difficulties, the mitten crab is still wholly dependent on seawater for reproduction. Although it can pass for such great distances up rivers it must return to the sea to breed. The pairing of the sexes may take place in freshwater, although more usually in estuaries, but the female must pass farther out to sea before the eggs are laid. Any number up to one million eggs may be laid and these, as in all crabs, are attached to the abdomen or tail which curls back under the body. The eggs remain for some months fastened to the body of the mother before the young hatch out. After a certain amount of growth, but when still very small, these "larvae" migrate into the rivers by swimming actively against the current. Within the rivers they later change into what are obviously small crabs when further movements depend largely on the sex. The males appear to move much farther upstream than the females, which remain nearer the breeding places.

The mitten crab, therefore, resembles the eel in its habits, spending adult life, feeding and growing, in freshwater, but migrating into the sea to spawn. Why, one may rightly ask, can an animal live in freshwater but be unable to breed there? This leads to a consideration of the requirements of a developing egg. These are actually fourfold. First there must be organic matter—sugars, fats and proteins—for the provision of energy and material for the growth of the embryo; second, there must be inorganic salts, needed, as we have seen, for the maintenance of any form of living matter; third, there must be water, because living matter exists only in a watery medium;

and finally, there must be oxygen for the liberation of the potential energy of the organic compounds.

All eggs, with the exception of those of the mammal where the developing embryo is nourished by the mother, possess from the outset abundant organic material. Any egg which develops in water, no matter whether fresh or salt, has around it abundant water and oxygen, both of which can pass into the egg as required. There remain the salts. It has been found that the salt content of the developing egg of a truly marine animal, such as a sea-urchin or starfish, increases as development proceeds. This increase can only be the result of accumulation of salts from the saline water. The eggs are laid with an inadequate amount of salts and this is made good from the surrounding medium. In a truly freshwater animal, on the other hand, where there are no salts in the surrounding water these are present in adequate amount when the egg is laid. This is the case, for instance, in the salmon which, although it feeds and grows to a large extent in the sea, is really a freshwater animal, unlike the eel which must return to the sea for spawning.

It follows from this that for an animal to be completely adapted for a freshwater existence it must be able to lay down in the eggs before these are laid, not only adequate amounts of organic material but also sufficient inorganic salts. This is what the mitten crab has failed to accomplish and is the reason why this animal, so successful an invader of freshwaters that it has penetrated over 800 miles up the Yang Tse Kiang and some 440 miles up the Elbe, has still to return to the sea for breeding and for the continuance of the race which this process involves.

C. M. Y.

MORE FROM A JOURNAL

Profiles

The gentleman who has to draw off one glove in order to pick his nose.

The girl who looks back at an imaginary ladder in her stocking.

A lady with a thoughtful squint.

The poet who goes to Greenland and writes a poem called "Ultima Thule."

The intellectual who gets drunk and exclaims about "the workers."

The motorist who looks furiously at someone he has missed running over.

Poor old women wearing the short skirts of fifteen years ago.

As pretty as a guardsman. . . .

The man who smells his fingernails.

A woman with a laugh which broke suddenly like a plate.

At The Zoo

The band plays *Madame Butterfly*, the elephants parade, the parrots curse.

Tigers in bas-relief.

The horny baboon prowling along with its scarlet swinging clapper.

A gurnard lies in a sunny pool watching the cloud of shrimps overhead.

Old-age pensions for hermit crabs, shells provided.

Most of the people who go into the insect house call the butterflies moths, the bees wasps, and imagine that bees in the comb are always eating honey.

An old woman to the lion: "What's the matter with you that you can't keep still? You don't know! There's nothing the matter! So there!"

That snake reminds me of nothing so much as threading the cord of one's pyjamas.

Who has not hoped to see the camels mating?

Without a flicker of surprise the family, led by papa, who reads out the names, has viewed the bison, the mandrill, the giant ant-eater, the mud-skipper, the cheetah; but there are cries of horror when a rat runs across a paddock.

October Evening

I love the fallen leaves and wet pavements, the quick step and the turned-up collar, the warm lights, of these softer evenings.

A leaf comes twirling towards me over the bus-tops. Sometimes in summer one sees a butterfly following the traffic. Shape of a leaf . . .

With stiff gait a young workman rolls up to a tobacconist's window and smacks down threepence—a bronze clover—on the counter.

The lost cry of the newspaperman by the Underground.

Sunset over Holborn, mauve, tender, and as it were, sad with history. So some picture of Waterloo, or the Battle of Inkerman, which as a child one saw in a strange house after tea, dusk coming on.

A square. Everything motionless in a fine rain. Drip, drip. Occasionally a tree seems to shake itself like the bird sitting on its lowest branch.

In an upper window I see the table set, a man in one corner reading a newspaper, a woman carrying plates.

The clouds part: it might be curtains giving a last glimpse of some great reception. Everything there is bright and stately. The palest of pale blue skies, clouds faintly lit, cloud confections like drapery in a painting. How far away it seems, the opening of a fan, a landscape of music, yesterday's afternoon. Then the rain descends.

A woman advances on stilts from the shadow.

That dog, with its reflection in silk, looks each way before crossing the street.

Walking along the pavement I suddenly notice the tick-tock of my heels, like a pendulum, and I try to tread more softly.

I drop my cigarette; it is picked up by an arm rising out of the gutter.

An urchin, with his hands in his pockets, kicks at the spinning coins of rain.

Someone runs into me. We stand face to face. Together we move to the right, to the left, then pause with a half-gesture of despair. "I beg your pardon—" "I'm sorry—" We walk carefully wide of each other, irritated and ashamed.

The man beside me halts when I do.

A man on each side of me. Mine is the middle shadow.

Ten shadows moving together. Which is mine?

At a quiet corner they suddenly gush out of a cinema, gleegoats, ghostloves, mutes, clattering down by the canal. Blow the night sideways with a bugle.

The mouse runs by clockwork alongside the wall, a dainty agoraphobe.

Over the waves of roofs, frail wreckage of masts and chimneys, the station clock is a veined moon on even the darkest night.

G. W. Stonier

CARS OF 1937

The motor industry continues its expert exploiting of our fundamental psychological weakness for 1937. The noblest of us continually fail to triumph over our feral love of display, and our almost incurable yearning for novel sensations. So, although we find ourselves the owners of magnificently roadworthy motor cars, which a brief year or two back we saluted with the reverence which only deity can claim, we now regard those very same vehicles

almost as if they were discarded surgical dressings, and defeat not only conscience but even that more formidable deterrent, our banker, in the endeavour to reiterate the same vicious process. Within a few weeks or months we shall once more saunter out in rather shamefaced fashion to the domestic garage to render poojah to its latest inhabitant. We shall once more slyly coax the conversation round to the question of the road, with a specious and superb nonchalance betray the fact that we have yet again disposed of a perfectly reliable and satisfactory car in order to pose as possessor of a more glittering and capacious and speedy vehicle; we shall clumsily feign a dishonest reluctance to break up a stimulating discussion on politics or philosophy to head an almost galloping procession out into the garage, and range our envious guests in a horseshoe on its oily floor, while we flush and stammer as we recount the virtues of its newest occupant. This shameful process is, of course, a mighty tribute to the folly of man and to the psychological efficiency of modern salesmanship. Yet even the motor trade must acknowledge the superiority in this sphere of the radio industry; for the latter has given us little that is new or genuinely valuable for some years past, whereas I humbly trust that I am not merely a greedy lunatic if I hold that the cars of 1937 are, perhaps, actually preferable to the cars at any rate of 1935, if not of 1936.

There are, to my thinking, four respects in which a really modern car dwarfs its predecessors, almost irrespective of price levels. A few years ago the typical British car at a rational price was overbodied and underchassised. Our high, absurd and arbitrary taxation system penalised engines of reasonable size. So the typical British family car had a tiny chassis and a wee engine, which wooed power by buzzing much too fast. Its occupants entered it with difficulty and disgorged themselves without grace. Once ensconced, their bodies pressed together unpleasantly. The driver's elbow was discommoded, and his companion hurled herself softly and warmly against him in obedience to centrifugal force on all fast corners. The people in the stern compartment swelled and sweated against each other. Came the scaling down of taxation, an immediate invasion of roomy American cars, unhampered in design by any such arbitrary restrictions. They sold like hot cakes. Lord Nuffield and others got busy, and the large cheap British car was born. To-day for quite small outlay, we can buy a real British family car. The driver need never make physical contact with his front-seat companion, unless she is young and lovely, and he desires to play elbow or knee with her. Astern, a descending central arm rest separates the occupants. Ingress and exit are easy and can be dignified.

Secondly, we have at last secured some good examples of independent front-wheel suspension. When the car mounts a wave in the road or one of those lateral humps left by builders after connecting up gas, water or drainage to a new house, the beak of the car does not any longer leap into the air in a solid piece, and anon deposit the crew back on the road with a heavy thump, but the chassis yields, and the body remains on a level plane.

Thirdly, a puncture is no longer the filthy and humiliating and exhausting business that it has been for years. Time was when axles were moderately accessible, and even an elderly man or a weak woman need not feel excessive exasperation when an axle signalled with horrible bumping that a tyre was flat. Came a long period when axles were secreted far beneath overblown coachwork, and—perhaps in rain and darkness—we had to creep on a filthy road in such indignity as that with which a fat man seeks to recover a ping-pong ball from underneath a grand piano. Having affixed the jack, it usually proved impossible to operate the jack handle without frequent disconnections, and in an attitude conducive to the most agonising cramps. Even if the car did not quit its precarious perch on the jack halfway through the dirty and exhausting operation, some twenty minutes elapsed before a soiled and breathless owner was able to proceed. To-day the really modern car has permanent jacks on all four wheels, operable without undue dirt or toil; if it lacks these, its single detachable jack can usually be hitched into position quite easily, and worked without threatening any serious cardiac trouble.

Fourthly, bad weather has been to some extent shorn of its disagreeables. A few years ago driving on a rough winter night was purgatory. All the window area was heavily misted over by the condensed breath of the occupants. The unhappy conductor peered anxiously through a tiny fan-shaped sector of glass in his windscreen, which either he or his front-seat companion wiped clear of breath at short intervals. This on country roads, whilst fumes from the engine generated headaches on long runs. Entering a town, the misting nuisance would be mitigated a little, since the need for arm signals compelled him to lower his side window to door level, so that he developed neuritis in his wet exposed arm and shoulder, though the entrance of cold air diluted the fumes and reduced the breath-mist. To-day most modern cars are adequately ventilated in fashions which exclude damp and draughts, whilst the engine fumes are usually deflected from the passenger compartment. A stop light astern dispenses with the need for the stop signal, and illuminated arrows, operated by a wheel or dash trigger, furnish the necessary turning signals. It is true that many of these turning signals are not fool-proof; they are not always self-cancelling, and we often chase merrily down a straight road devoid of turnings after a car which luridly and falsely proclaims its intention of turning right where the only exit to the right is a wall or a ditch. But we cannot have everything all in a moment, and in spite of these neglected electrical arrows and the amusement or embarrassment which they create on occasions, at least we know that the driver is warm and comfortable, and that cures for neuritis are in decreasing demand. The moral of all this is that if a reader owns a car of 1933 vintage, he may surrender to the massed onslaught of the motor-car publicity folk without undue shame; but that if his car is of 1934, 1935 or 1936 vintage, he should hesitate; possibly muse on the rival merits of some slight reconditioning and, if he finally capitulates, at least be honest with himself, and eschew rebuking his wife and children for microscopic extravagances. R. E. DAVIDSON

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Jane Eyre," at the Queen's Theatre

The school of horrors, which began its life with Bürger's Leonora, shows its influence very strongly in *Jane Eyre*, and it is partly for this reason that this novel does not transpose itself nearly so happily to the stage as *Pride and Prejudice*. The change is too abrupt from the Gothic violence of Mr. Rochester's library, admirably realised in Mr. Paul Shelving's elaborate oak furniture and violent ecclesiastical curtains and chairs, to the humanitarian cottage of the pastor. The conversation of the various characters

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is often too stilted for theatrical dialogue, and the exotic aristocracy at the dinner-party almost belong to *Irene Iddesleigh*. Miss Curigwen Lewis, in the name part, is admirable in the early scenes, and manages by a poignant immobility to convey the shock of the broken marriage ceremony, but in the more romantic episodes a certain aloofness weakens the portrait, though possibly it is the uneven dramatic line that makes the conception so difficult. Mr. Reginald Tate copes convincingly with the abruptness of Rochester, and Miss Yvonne Pienne gave a rich flavour to the vamp at the dinner-party. As the maniac, Miss Dorothy Hamilton, after shuffling round like a pig after truffles, when her search was finally rewarded and she discovered Mr. Rochester asleep in his chair beside the fire, gave an electrifying performance for a few seconds. The play is well produced and well acted; what it lacks—this is the trouble of most repertory companies—is the power to produce individual acting of distinction. The whole is good, but it needs a considerable display to lift it on to a plane, where it can match the atmosphere which the book conveys to the reader.

"Mayerling," at the Curzon

The "mystery" of Mayerling occurred on January 30th, 1889; and it has remained a mystery ever since. The Archduke Rudolph of Austria and Maria Vetsera, his mistress, were discovered, shot, in a hunting-lodge—how, why, and by whose hand has never been decided. This film's conjecture about what happened that night seems as good as any, and the direction has the merit of making it appear, while we watch the picture, quite likely and convincing. It tells a very simple tale straightforwardly and well; the tale ends tragically, which it did in fact, so that a conventional Ruritanian romance and history are mixed together; life and fiction meeting produce melodrama; here, then, is the natural excuse for melodrama, which is what the film director wants, as melodrama gains enormously in force and entertainment if it has an evident chance of being true. The variation "boy meets girl, boy gets but mustn't keep girl" is difficult to work and anyway rather out of date; we therefore don't get it often. But make it plausible and it turns out interesting and fresh. Only duty, death or disease can thwart the final looming prospect, in close-up, of what Mr. Rotha calls "successful sex-union," the stuff of the films. (Novelists can kill off their lovers more easily, because it's pictures that frighten people most.) Here duty to the State, his father, Franz-Joseph, and the responsibility of kingship, upheld by the Pope, prevented Prince Rudolph from divorcing his wife and marrying his love, the Baroness Vetsera, whom he had met, romantically, at a fair. The protection and interference of police spies had already made life intolerable for *le pauvre prince—un homme comme les autres*. The result is a suicide pact, quietly undertaken and grimly, bravely carried out. It says much for this polished, agreeable, second-rate film that its final sequence and, particularly, if you will forgive the pun, its last two shots are genuinely dramatic and distressing. Charles Boyer, as the Prince, acts well throughout the film, which gives him several false and awkward scenes to play; but Danielle Darrieux's performance far surpasses his: it is for her grave, momentary beauty and her exquisite portrayal of young, determined love that this film should be seen. May she never go to Hollywood!

"The Devil Takes the Count," at the Empire

This is a sentimental film—wholeheartedly, deliberately, properly sentimental. We say "properly" because if sentimentality is an excess of sentiment, a more lavish expense of emotion than the facts, regarded as art, afford, and than the audience should honestly share or tolerate, then such an excess of sentiment is actually proper to this film, which would have been false if it had been much more restrained. A little more restraint here and there would have improved it considerably: but such mercies must not be expected on the screen. There are many films foully, degradingly sentimental: this is not one of them—and that should be enough. Not that we enjoyed the missionary good-companionship of a New York magistrate straight-talking to a couple of tough urchins, man to man, in favour of their reform to respectable citizenship; but we saw his point and knew he was right. We didn't like the earnest grimaces of one boy's aunt; but the several other sorts of sentiment displayed in this film were convincing and rang true. The gallant, semi-articulate attempts of the two hooligans (Jackie Cooper and Micky Rooney) either to subdue or to express feeling, Ian Hunter's easy control of parental affection, and the perky, puffed-up imitation manhood of Freddie Bartholomew, made it frequently an excellent film. Easily the best of these performances was Master Rooney's: that needed no pinch of salt.

"Dodsworth," at the Tivoli

Much teasing has almost eradicated one of the most comforting ingredients of the film—the impossibly happy ending. To-day Jack generally gets Jill and nought goes particularly ill; but the time when Jack could expect the Queen of Sheba and Jill the Milky Way with Mr. Colman or Mr. Gable thrown in, is unhappily almost ended. *Dodsworth* is an exception. If Mary Astor had done nothing else she could call herself an actress for her look of radiant bliss in the last thirty feet of this film. A look that sends this audience into the street as happy as Mr. Huston, blissful, too, in the knowledge that at least one motor magnate has achieved happiness independent of contracts for bombers. Miss Chatterton, as a middle-aged American who clings too desperately to the vanished thirties, plays an unsympathetic part with great spirit, but it is Mr. Huston's rusticated figure that builds the success. There are dull moments—but none when he is visible. Mr. Huston made Cecil Rhodes seem one of Nature's gentlemen; his Dodsworth is the most charming of manufacturers. And the director, Mr. William Wyler (who made *These Three*) has, besides a sensitive touch, a nice taste in architecture. Altogether it is a most happy configuration.

Edward Ardizzone at the Leger Galleries

Among the brass and mahogany of saloon-bars, bookmakers with bulbous noses and faces tanned by innumerable double-ports are ogling the adjacent females of their species. Tow-haired and steatopygous, these flaunt their raddled and porcine features, rumble their ham-like thighs, and mingle oily endearments with their bargaining. Frowsy landladies, superannuated from the same flesh-market, put matches to gas-jets or intrude their shrill complaints upon the sordid interchange. Every arm and leg and jowl is round with fat, and a general beeriness envelops all. This is the boisterous London of Mr. Ardizzone's water-colours, a London

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which retains the coarse vigour it had in Smollett and Dickens. It is impossible not to think of Rowlandson: the treatment is similar as well as the subjects, but where Rowlandson washed in delicate tints, Mr. Ardizzone uses rich and sombre colours. In our opinion, he is the most gifted illustrator in this country (look at the drawings he did for Le Fanu). And this exhibition reinforces our admiration. *The Hat Stall—Church Street Market, Springtime in Kent, The Figure on the Stairs, The Amazon,* are four of the most brilliant of these forty-odd water-colours. Mr. Ardizzone combines acute and satirical observation with designs which throughout are rhythmical and we shall be surprised if this exhibition does not establish for him the reputation which he deserves.

Drawings by Felicia Browne at 46 Frith Street

Miss Felicia Browne was killed in Spain fighting against Fascism—a death which will certainly incline many persons to approach her drawings with particular indulgence. But the fact is that no such indulgence is required. She was a remarkably talented sculptress and the large collection of drawings now being exhibited shows an unusual standard of excellence. There is nothing tricky or pretentious about them: without ever becoming over-expressive they capture the essential and significant shapes of things seen—a soldier, landscape, a peasant or a fawn—and present these shapes plastically and decisively. The soldiers and peasants are brilliantly characterised and some of the animal drawings have an elegance and a feeling for animal forms which are almost Chinese. Altogether this exhibition reveals great gifts used with extreme integrity. And the absence from them of all sentimentality, all propaganda, all effort to be "proletarian" deserves the consideration of those who fancy that it is an artist's business to use his art for the expression of his political beliefs. Miss Felicia Browne was under no such delusion. When she drew she was content to draw as well as in her lay. And as for her convictions—she showed these by dying for them.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, October 30th—
North London Film Society. Stuart Legg on "The Social Value of Realist Films," Central Club Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court Road, 8.30.

SUNDAY, November 1st—
J. Langdon Davies on "Spain and Ourselves," Conway Hall, 11.
Moiseiwitsch. Chopin Recital, Palladium, 3.15.
"Agamemnon," Westminster Theatre, 8.30. And on Nov. 8th.

MONDAY, November 2nd—
Sunday Times Book Exhibition, Dorland Hall, Lower Regent St. Till Nov. 16th.
William Moodie on "The Problems of the Ordinary Child," Carnegie House, 117 Piccadilly, 3.15. (Tickets 5s., or 12s. 6d. for three lectures).
Union of Democratic Control. Professor H. C. Tao and Miss Loh Tsai on "What is Happening in China Now?" Essex Hall, Strand, 8.
Debate between N. L. Spottiswoode (Pacifist) and Pat Sloan (Communist) on "How Can We Prevent War?" Bogey's Bar, Southampton Row, 8.
Public Protest Meeting to call attention to the dangers of racial incitement. Speeches by H. W. Nevinson and Evelyn Sharp, Hampstead Town Hall, 8.30.

TUESDAY, November 3rd—
Bertrand Russell on "The Case for Pacifism," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Mrs. Adelaide Gardner on "The Mind-Body Problem," Besant Hall, Rodmarton Mews, off King Street, Baker Street, 8.
Elizabeth Wiskemann on "Germany," Morley College, 8.
"The Wild Duck," Westminster Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, November 4th—
"Parnell," New Theatre.

THURSDAY, November 5th—
R. C. Davison on "The Unemployed," Morley College, 7.30.
Industrial Welfare Society. Robert R. Hyde on "Industry's Contribution to Public Health," Lecture Hall, Royal Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, 8.15.
Capt. Victor Cazalet on "Impressions of a Trip to Russia," Livingstone Hall, Broadway, Westminster, 8.15.
Royal Philharmonic Society. Queen's Hall, 8.15.
Wickham Steed on "Dictatorships: What Next?" Friends House, Euston Road, 8.30.

FRIDAY, November 6th—
Medical Aid for Spain Meeting. Speeches by Dr. Charles Brook, Harry Pollitt, Isabel Brown and others, Friends House, Euston Road, 8.
"French Without Tears," Criterion Theatre.

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DENT

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I HAVE already reviewed the previous volumes of *The Torrington Diaries* in previous years, but I do not hesitate to deal with the third volume also (*Torrington Diaries, Vol. III*, Eyre and Spottiswoode, 18*s*.), since I feel sure that with the first volumes I did not realise how important a survey of England they were to prove. They cover much the same ground as Arthur Young's tours, but while Young travelled to investigate the state of agriculture, and was not very greatly concerned with the look of the country or the general conditions of life, Byng, afterwards Lord Torrington, seems to have written almost consciously for posterity. He actually expressed the hope that his diaries might be published after a hundred years. He notes everything in minute detail and provides us with an unexampled panorama of the whole of England. The period in which he made these tours (almost the same as Arthur Young's, they might have met upon the road) was a fortunate one, since though enclosure was going on at a great pace the face of the country had not been completely altered, and though the manufacturing towns were extending, England was still trembling on the brink before plunging into the full horrors of the industrial revolution. Byng's character—humane, eccentric and misanthropic—is to me decidedly attractive. He is a companion whose charm grows on one, and there is a melancholy irony in his backward-looking regret for the past, for the days before turnpike roads and speed had corrupted the manners of country people. During his tour to North Wales in 1793, he falls into a delightful reverie, imagining himself visited by a gentleman of the century before: "who, of course, like other old men, would praise and refer back to his times." Byng is one of the first writers I know to show a real feeling for landscape, and his tastes were independent and not much influenced by contemporary fashion. He hated enclosure as much as Young rejoiced in it, seeing it as a robbery of the cottager's birthright, and he hated the cutting down of woods and the planting of Scotch fir. Disliking progress, he was sensitive to the happiness of the people among whom he travelled. In his outlook there is something curiously like that of W. H. Hudson; he loves the same things and one discerns in him much the same cantankerous caprice, lit by flashes of tenderness, which the good sense of the eighteenth century most unfortunately forbade him freely to express.

* * *

The present volume contains a Tour to the North, 1792, and a Tour to North Wales, 1793, and in each he went over ground of very great interest. He travelled with a servant, but usually sent him ahead, and rode alone, with his dog. The first tour was up the Great North Road, turning aside at Ferrybridge to York and proceeding slowly to Richmond and Barnard Castle. From that point he turned south-west, crossing what to-day is some of the wildest country in England, parts which are now deserted being inhabited in Byng's day by lead-miners. Climbing out of Arkengarthdale and crossing Swaledale, he rode by Summer Lodge Beck, "a most romantic rivulet, to view whose cascades and foaming falls of water I often dismounted from my mare," and climbed over the moor to Askrigg, where he spent three nights, often regretting that his dog was not a spaniel to catch him a grouse—nesting birds in the middle of June. Such a wish, in a retired army officer and the heir to a peerage, shows that the taboos of sport, and particularly of game-preserving, were not yet binding on English society. They were beginning to appear, however, and Byng hated them. At Blenheim he bursts out indignantly after looking at the herons in the heronry:

> I find that these here are nearly destroyed as *potent of mischief!* The rooks are destroyed as *potent of mischief!* The squirells are destroy'd as *suckers of pheasants eggs!!* and the singing birds are destroy'd as *destroyers of fruit!* So man, instead of encouraging delights, and the companions of his walk, becomes from ignorance and idleness the ruin of his own pleasures.

* * *

While staying at Askrigg he had met his first cotton mill:

> Sir Richard Arkwright may have introduced much wealth into his family but, as a tourist, I execrate his schemes, which having crept into every pastoral vale, have destroyed the course and beauty of Nature; why here is now a great flaring mill, whose back stream has drawn off half the water of the falls above the bridge.

Fortunately this mill, like the lead mines, is now a ruin. Staying with him at the inn was a gentleman who

> spoke largely about the Manchester trade, now creeping, and which he hopes to help forward into this quarter of the country; and of the wonderful importation of children, purchased in London at so much the half score (nine sound and one cripple) by those merchants the most forward against the slave trade.

This gentleman went with him on his way, and all readers will kindle to the description of the great cattle fair, held on the high moorlands, I suppose at Newby, near Ribblehead, where the Scotch dealers and drovers, in plaids and fillibegs, brought their beasts for sale. Byng does not explain why this very lonely exposed spot, far from anything approaching a village, should have been chosen for a fair-ground, but I suspect it was because it was on the watershed, equally accessible from four or five dales on each side of it. Leaving the Scotch throwing off their plaids as they chased their beasts, he followed a delightful local guide to the Jingling Pot and Yordas cave. This man, a bold-looking shoemaker, offered him at his cottage ale from a silver cup and was a great contrast to the figures he was to meet with in Lancashire. After a stay at Settle and a visit to Malham tarn, he rode to Clitheroe, where the cotton mills had not yet sprung up, and then entered the hideousness of Rochdale, which no doubt would seem idyllic to us to-day. Manchester he hated: even the bread was intolerable and the port undrinkable since "people who are acquiring riches are ignorant of enjoyments and of comforts; those are left to the succeeding generation." At Stockport

> all seemed holiday and drunkeness with a grand procession, with musick, of ideotical Free masons! Here drunken weavers leading home by their soberer comrades, there men and children kill'd by gin, carrying to their graves. . . . Amidst all this crew of artisans you may search in vain for healthy looks; for, alas, they are all squalid from unwholesome toil and debauchery. At Liverpool the importation of wheat from America is very great; for this great cotton trade cannot support itself; consequently as their husbandry keeps pace with our manufactories, who think ye, will last longest; the ground work or the cotton work?

From Lancashire Byng rode to Staffordshire, visiting Etruria and going on to Birmingham, where the society of bagmen and the lack of strawberries were compensated by the presence of Mrs. Siddons, with whom he enjoyed gossiping between the acts of a play. At Stratford-on-Avon he refused to enter Shakespeare's birthplace, calling out: "Where is his old chair that you have sold? I now enter not." Words which seemed to shock them and which certainly shock me, since Byng had himself bought a piece of the chair as a souvenir, on his first visit to Stratford seven years earlier. The year after this tour he visited Wales, accompanied by Mrs. Byng, whose presence was an irritation, and Frek, his son, to whom he was devoted. His humanity comes out continually, but he found as little to like about the Welsh as about the cotton weavers. It was "a joy to enter England, a much better and sprightlier country than Wales" and "no boy was happier to steer homewards":

> The two first wonders in England are the handsome women and the gardens; for neither of these first beauties of nature are to be found in Wales: in Wales I never saw a flower! They are too lazy to think of them.

Real happiness Byng found, as a result of many tours, is only to be fully enjoyed in the Midlands: at Alconbury and Biggleswade, where one can be sure of a well-roasted fowl and a nice currant tart and can drink "a decent pint of port-wine with no head-ach following."

DAVID GARNETT

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RATIONAL PACIFISM

Which Way to Peace? By BERTRAND RUSSELL. *Michael Joseph.* 7s. 6d.

The pacifist who refuses to fight on Christian principles is impregnable. The Government can shoot him, the mob may lynch him, but his position, if he has the courage of his convictions, is as far beyond the reach of argument as of bullets. He will not help in a war because to do so involves actions which he regards as inherently wrong, whatever the consequences of victory or defeat. Mr. Russell is no such pacifist; at the end of his book he reaches an absolute pacifist position, but he bases it on reason and on his judgment of the consequences of pacifism in comparison with the consequences of any alternative line of conduct. To sustain so comprehensive a case by pure argument in a short book is a remarkable feat, only possible to a subtle logician, a superb stylist (for style is largely clarity of thought) and an intellectually courageous thinker. Mr. Russell's weapon is a Voltairian common-sense which forbids escape on any emotional side-track. Pacifism has not blunted his wit or diminished his aptitude for the biting illustration which is designed to force his opponent to think but is equally likely to make him angry. To-day the menace of war is so pervasive and so urgent that many people who might in the past have brushed such an argument aside as not practical politics may be inclined to consider his thesis seriously. From this point of view Dean Inge's reactions to the book were interesting. Few people have more freely employed "the war-like fallacies" which Mr. Russell ridicules. But in reviewing this book Dean Inge made no effort to refute its argument. He merely hoped it wasn't true, but feared it was. How interesting it would be if one could persuade a few public men—say, Mr. Duff Cooper, Mr. Winston Churchill or even Mr. Lloyd George—to read it, and compel them to state logically and precisely why they differ from Mr. Russell!

Mr. Russell gives his opponents plenty of openings, but those who rush to take them are likely to find him waiting for them a minute later, smiling urbanely, but armed with a devastating reply. First he candidly admits that he has only reached his present absolute position recently and with great difficulty, and that he is often tempted to renounce it when deeply stirred to anger by some new barbaric outrage. This candour invites the retort that some new turn of the international wheel may once again make Mr. Russell change his mind. He would reply, I think that that is possible, but not probable. He admits that some past wars have been justified and some have achieved their objects, but the basis of his argument to-day is that the nature of modern war makes it in the highest degree unlikely that any war can do more good than harm. It is useless in his view, for instance, to arm to fight against Fascism; if you do so you have to suppress all opposition at home and become effectively a Fascist country, and the result of the war which you will eventually fight will be to give you a military rule which only a Hitler or a Mussolini could desire. In short, war as now developed in the air is so universally destructive that you cannot vindicate any good principle by it or even defend yourself against attack without making certain both in your country and in others the triumph of the very evils you are fighting to suppress. The only thing that would certainly make Mr. Russell change his mind would be the invention of some anti-aircraft weapon which would render war less destructive. Secondly, Mr. Russell admits that no permanent peace is possible in the world without an effective application of the idea which gave birth to the League of Nations. The necessary condition for permanent peace is an international authority controlling the only military air force. He agrees with Mr. H. G. Wells in thinking this a possibility after the general destruction of the next war. For the present he is confident that the idea of collective security is merely a trap for the unwary. The League Powers no longer wield overwhelming strength, and collective security at the best means an alliance of France, Russia, England and one or two smaller Powers. This alliance would be fairly evenly matched with the Fascist Powers and would give no security of peace, but rather increase the probability of war.

Thirdly, he is pleasantly candid about Germany. He criticises the League for its repression of Germany in the past, but he is not hoodwinked by pro-Nazi propaganda in this country, nor does he think Germany in her present mood is likely to be conciliated by gifts of territory or other concessions. He holds, however, that such concessions might possibly postpone war and that it is to-day better to submit to any injustice than to fight. A Germany which triumphed over unarmed peoples would be very unpleasant for a period but would gradually grow out of its present militarism and its sadism. "Isolation," which means preparedness to fight for the Empire, he dismisses as a policy which involves us in all wars while depriving us of allies. But he thinks that there is a chance that if England gradually abandoned her Empire, withdrew from all foreign commitments and disarmed, she might be immune from attack. She would become as safe and no safer than Denmark which, just because she has no power and no possessions to defend, fears Germany less than her more magnificent neighbours.

Mr. Russell also admits that the Spanish Government is "obviously right" in doing its best to suppress the Fascist rebellion against it. Here we arrive at the serious weakness of Mr. Russell's book. His mind still lives in the world of national states which fought in 1914. In one passage he speaks of Europe being grouped in the old balance of power formation with Japan, Germany and Italy on one side, and France, Russia and Belgium on the other, with England holding the precarious balance. But this is not the situation. We have reached a point, as one Socialist said the other day, half-way between national and civil wars. Fascism is an international force which is working within France, Belgium and England and which is now making war on the entirely unaggressive Government of Spain. If the necessity for self-defence against a Fascist attack is once admitted, it is not easy to see why Mr. Russell should expect the popular forces which are menaced everywhere to agree to a blockade of their friends in Spain. A similar error in dividing Europe into nations to-day has led Mr. Russell into a complete misstatement of the Abyssinian issue. He speaks of Britain "recklessly" opposing Italy on imperialist grounds and supposes that we avoided war only because the British Fleet was unprepared to meet an Italian air attack. I do not think anyone who has followed the League's dispute with Italy with close attention could doubt that the chief reason for allowing Italy a free hand in Abyssinia was not a weakness in arms (of which we should have heard nothing if Mussolini's attack had been on part of the British Empire), but the distaste of the British ruling class for taking action which would strengthen the Left in Europe and overthrow the Italian dictator in favour of a conceivable Socialist Government. Nor does Mr. Russell notice the most difficult point of all. "Economic sanctions" would have been better called "non-co-operation with violence." They were not war on Italy, but a refusal by peaceful countries to aid and abet aggression. To supply oil to Mussolini for his war was actively to take sides with him. Does Mr. Russell's pacifism take him so far that if a powerful State says to England, "I will make war on you if you do not sell me the raw materials of war," we must in that case submit to his dictatorship and become his allies in making war?

This failure to appreciate the class alignment that now cuts across national interests vitiates Mr. Russell's argument at a number of points. If he has any doubts about its validity he should read the *Observer* or the *Daily Mail*, which are willing to sacrifice the interests of British imperialism in a crusade against the "Reds" in Spain. But it may be that Mr. Russell fears that his pacifism would break down if he read these papers. He probably sticks to the *Times*, which still disguises its class judgments under the guise of prudence or pacifism.

Which Way to Peace? will annoy many supporters of Labour even more than it annoys militarists. This is all to the good, for Labour is in great danger of forgetting its functions and its objectives. It has pledged itself to support a war, if necessary, in aid of the League and collective security and to resist war or preparation for war in any other cause. There is now no collective security and no effective League. If we do get into war it will not be a war "against Fascism," with which Lord Plymouth is so ably co-operating on the Non-intervention Committee at the moment. It will be a war arising out of imperial interests, and those who oppose imperialism should welcome a strong pacifist movement in this country. The immediate task of progressive people is to try to neutralise the reactionary influence of Great Britain in Europe. In these circumstances the advice which Mr. Russell gives to pacifists in his eloquent final chapter is good advice. Pacifists should cease to argue about the complex problems that divide them, and with full knowledge that they are likely to be imprisoned or shot or lynched before many years have passed should unite to resist militarism and Fascism in their own country.

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THIS FREEDOM

Our Freedom and Its Results. By ELEANOR F. RATHBONE, ERNA REISS, RAY STRACHEY, ALISON NIELANS AND MARY AGNES HAMILTON. Edited by RAY STRACHEY. *Hogarth Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The woman's freedom movement was a revolution in miniature: its implications were, and remain, immense. It struck that giant bourgeois the English nineteenth century in the midriff, at the point where convenience and sentiment were most closely allied. The pioneers were not only indomitable, but well-armed: "exposures" were still shocking; truths could still, at that time, be powerfully distasteful: now they are bromides which slip off the tired moral sense. The decencies were at a premium; the chain store had not yet succeeded the private shopkeeper and the Christian ethic, avowed with a good deal of bustle if not practised, offered a weak flank. With the growth of the middle class and of the dominance of the money-maker, the oppressed woman had multiplied like rabbits in Australia: she was the fruit of a graceless society. The suffering of the poor woman had been generic; the upper-class woman, in a structure of manners, had been able to play her own hand adroitly or not. The middle-class woman, secure technically, fed, boarded and clothed, with some leisure and literate, looked round to discover herself disregarded personally and economically, as well as socially in any broad sense. Revolt seldom starts in the ranks of *manqués* people: it is positive people who turn on an order they overtop, and it was with positive and exceptional women that the woman's movement began. Their attack on property in its most sacred and muddled sense, their comment on exploitation before the word had been uttered, was so outrageously timed as to be telling. Prejudice shuddered, shifted, retreated—though still muttering. A man-made war gave impatient women their opening, and no ally came out of the peace better. A good deal remains to be righted (as these five essayists show), but, broadly, the woman's movement has accomplished itself. Though the upheaval already seems exceedingly distant, our freedom, to quote Mrs. Strachey, is in fact less than a generation old. Our sex, because it is *the* sex, is still on its promotion: it has news-value and is subject to constant comment.

But interest has shifted to a more deadly struggle. The women leaders bent a system their way: the time had not come yet to strike at its roots. Solidarity was of first importance to them; it would have been fatal to split over an issue.

Our Freedom and Its Results is a survey and an assessment. These five essays on change, on a revolution that was at once swift and gradual, complement one another ably without overlapping: inevitably, the same points have to be stressed, and inevitably the same conclusions drawn. Experts have been recruited by Mrs. Strachey: their outlook is disengaged, their writing lucid. Miss Erna Reiss has condensed a volume into her *Changes in Law*, which, with its marginal dates, is impressive and clear. Mrs. Strachey, dealing with *Changes in Employment*, commands a cool-headed rhetoric. Miss Rathbone's *Changes in Public Life* and Miss Alison Nielans' *Changes in Sex Morality* summarise the two best-known advances in the movement, and flag out the ground held. Mrs. Hamilton has, in *Changes in Social Life*, to cover ground trodden faceless by popular journalism: her subject, less concrete than the four others, has been the prey of opinion for many years. This makes the excellence of Mrs. Hamilton's essay—informed, humane, dispassionate—all the more appear. Placed, rightly, last in the book, it gives the foregoing essays relation to one another and to itself. Morals, with their inevitable expediency, are the outcome of any order, and change with it: manners are morals in pleasing or unpleasing flower. Manners now, in a world so much affected by women—the aesthetic of manners, their implication—are, broadly, the theme of Mrs. Hamilton's essay.

And what now? So much has been consolidated: the necessary excitement has subsided, but, with anticlimax allowed for, women are still, apparently, staying the course. They are free to do what they ought, what they can, what they have it in them to do: they have no excuse for not doing it. They face a clean, drab road, denuded of sentiment, and ought to be feeling a wind from the horizon blowing about their brows. They are, in fact, untrammelled. But there is a negativity in the feminine nature that does not so much check ambition as dissolve it. An innate passivity, more than biological, makes one more glad, and apter, to reflect life than to affect it. Professions a woman may practise with any success without disengaging herself from this cloudy side of her nature are few. The home, with that subtle communication with objects and people, is the tempting if no longer the natural sphere.

Unrestriction has brought with it the burden of flat identity, and inhibiting free choice. Who has not seen that look of distaste and apathy in the eye of a young girl being asked about her career. The few occupations or practices that women really enjoy as much as they enjoy enjoying themselves are those in which it is intolerable to be second-rate, and in which second-rateness is patent immediately. They face up to routine work with the same thoughtless philosophy with which they approached housework and the care of futile relatives. Their incentive and enemy is transferred emotion. The content of Mrs. Strachey's book is dismaying: we are like the children of a self-made man, aware with chagrin and pride of the early struggles, arraigned by an inheritance we cannot use fully, our own incapacity all the time bearing us down. The war that got us freedom knocked out our aspiration. As for the relations between the sexes, in which our new-found calmness and liability were to achieve so much, they are more articulate perhaps, yes, but as muddled as ever they were and considerably more dowdy.

Little, however, has been claimed for the future of women by these five sensible writers, and one must be grateful to them for showing as little impatience with the present as they do. A valid incentive, an emotion even, is now lacking: one can no longer desire what one has. The two great escapes remain for both sexes: art and love. But historically, apart from its other excellences, Mrs. Strachey's book is of value, and should be honourably received. Abuses corrected are too quickly forgotten. For the grim work of the women pioneers, for their voluntary gracelessness, we are dumbly grateful, but we are overpowered by it, and intolerably shown up. We enjoy an integrity, a safety, a leisure whose lack we cannot envisage, because we have never lacked them. The repercussions of a moral idea, of a disinterested indignation on public opinion are fascinating to hear of: the opposition's façade, even, makes one nostalgic: that was a fine fort of folly, worthy of powder and shot.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

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Physiological research has recently been done in this country and America, and one conspicuous fact emerges—that the present three-meal-a-day system does not conduce either to the highest efficiency or the maximum health of the man and the woman who has to do a full day's work.

The Influence of Meals upon Efficiency

It is clear from the experiments carried out* that to enable a working man or woman to maintain his energies at their best level it is necessary to maintain what is medically known as 'a nutritional state of the tissues.' And that can only be done by eating food at more frequent intervals than is conventional (without, and this is important, increasing the total quantity of food taken during the day).

It is proved that the effect of *any* meal, in terms of well-being and energy, begins to wear off after two or three hours. After that, not only efficiency but the body's powers of resistance deteriorate—until the next meal.

A Wasteful System

The present accepted three-meal-a-day system—with four to five hours between each meal—is definitely wasteful. The worker who breakfasts between seven and eight, and has no lunch till one, is working well below his or her standard from soon after eleven—unless a suitable mid-morning snack is available. Similarly, a 'flat patch' sets in between four and five in the afternoon, which only an extra meal can eliminate.

The modern physiologists are agreed that five meals a day yield the maximum of efficiency for the working man and woman.

An Easy Solution

It is manifestly impossible to re-make the whole fabric of business life so as to make room for two extra meal hours. But there are many convenient snacks which need not cause interference with the progress of work. For example, there's good milk chocolate, (such as Cadburys Dairy Milk). Chocolate is the most convenient of all snacks to carry and to eat, and ranks high in all-round energy-sustaining nourishment.

* *For an account of these interesting experiments see the article on 'Diet and Physical Efficiency' in the British Medical Journal, Nov. 30th, 1935, p. 1047.*

ANIMAL MYSTERIES

Enigmas of Natural History. By E. L. GRANT-WATSON. *Cresset Press.* 6s.

Mr. Watson sees the world as a place teeming with enigmas, puzzles and knotty problems waiting to be unravelled. Every chapter asks a question—often many questions. Why, for example, asks the author, should the sting-darts and threads contained in sea anemones be harmless to the sea slugs which feed upon them? How shall one fully explain the hypnotic influence which the stoat exercises over the rabbit, or the extraordinary partnerships between such dissimilar animals as sea anemones and fish, or jellyfish and various crustaceans? Startling facts meet one on every page. We are told, for example, of a small crab which actually employs anemones to forage for it. This crab deliberately prises two anemones from their rocky anchorages and holding one in each claw steals from them with a pair of its walking legs such scraps of food as the anemones contrive to catch. How did such a combine ever come about?

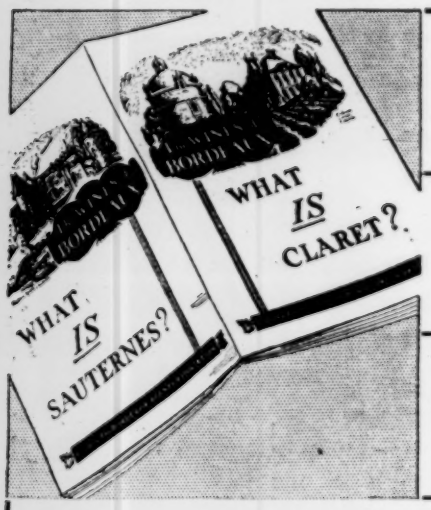
A fascinating chapter deals with the sun-worshipping inhabitants of the Central Australian desert. The author has had the good fortune to keep under observation specimens of that remarkable little lizard, the Moloch, which is so covered with spines as to suggest a piece of animated furze bush. This reptile never drinks, obtaining its moisture solely from dew. When a drop of dew falls upon this animal's back, it vanishes almost instantly, sopped up by the lizard's skin as though by a blotting-pad.

All readers may not accept some of the writer's statements in their entirety, but then the book is very deliberately intended to invite controversy and stimulate speculation. For example, the author quotes the still prevalent belief among farmers, trappers, etc., that the infant kangaroo "buds off" from the maternal nipple within the pouch, an idea arising no doubt from the close adherence of the new-born marsupial to "Nature's fount." Whilst exposing this fallacy, the author gives it as his opinion that the mother kangaroo places the infant in her pouch by means of her lips. If ever that occurs, it is the exception rather than the rule. Recent observations at the Sydney Zoo and elsewhere show that the infant kangaroo's or wallaby's safe emplacement in the pouch is at best a very uncertain business. The new-born infant, not more than an inch in length and resembling a maggot rather than a mammal, struggles on knees and elbows into that haven, at considerable risk of wandering in the wrong direction and so perishing. The mother is so witless as to have no idea of guiding her helpless infant's wanderings, so that its ultimate acquaintance with the milk supply and its hopes of thriving to maturity are amongst the greatest adventures of the world.

A remarkable occurrence is cited in the chapter dealing with vitality in snakes. The author declares that a snake skin he possessed that was cured with arsenic and mounted on a piece of textile material, annually shed a thin parchment-like covering of its scales. Some may be in doubt as to whether this was—as suggested—a case of latent vitality, or just a slow breaking up of the original structure. Other chapters deal with the larvae of Wood-boring Beetles, the wonderful transformation of the Cicada, the fertilisation of flowers and a score of other topics, all equally intriguing and provocative of profitable discussion. Not least interesting is a chapter upon Whales. The limits of Cetacean intelligence rank amongst the enigmas of Nature owing to the extreme difficulty of keeping any kind of watch upon creatures which have the "run" of the seven seas. One can only speculate upon the whale's thinking powers, for the brain, though smaller proportionately than our own, is actually often much bigger in bulk and extraordinarily richly convoluted. The author pays a well-deserved tribute to that much-maligned and almost entirely insectivorous bird, the Little Owl. Actually it destroys more mice and beetles than it does young pheasants and employs dead rodents to bait an ingenious trap. The owl deliberately keeps a dead mouse or vole under observation until it has reached that stage of putrescence approved by beetles. Curiously enough, a creature much lower than the owl—the octopus—has been reported by elaborate observations similarly to bait a crab trap with a dead fish, lying in wait for the crustaceans which constitute its sole food. Mr. Grant-Watson concludes with a chapter upon the infant ape and man, and the author hints that man owes his supremacy largely to being the most efficient all-round animal—a creature that, apart from its great brain, has never narrowed down its activities by that over-specialisation which has proved a blind thoroughfare to many a creature in the past.

This book, which no one can fail to read with profit, is illustrated by some charming woodcuts by Miss Barbara Gregg.

E. G. BOULENGER



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NEW NOVELS

The Big Money. By JOHN DOS PASSOS. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

The Ghosts of Sin-Chang. By ALBERT GERVAIS. Translated by VYVYAN HOLLAND. *Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.

Living China. Modern Chinese Short Stories. Edited by EDGAR SNOW. *Harrap.* 8s. 6d.

Mary Lavelle. By KATE O'BRIEN. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. John dos Passos is one of the most interesting novelists of the second rank whom modern post-war America has yet produced. In common with a good many other contemporary writers, he has suffered from being overpraised; for Mr. dos Passos's work is significant only if it is assigned to its proper place, and that place is not at the head of the movement, but in the supporting body—amid novelists and story-tellers who follow up and exploit the discoveries made by more original, independent and individually gifted minds. Hence the stupidity of the criticism (quoted opposite the title page of Mr. dos Passos's latest book) which announces that he is among "the few living novelists whose consciousness of the contemporary world reaches beneath the surface." Profound is exactly what Mr. dos Passos has never been and (as far as I can judge) has never shown the slightest intention of becoming. Indeed, I should have imagined that his superficiality was to be included among his main assets: since, by adopting a superficial approach, he is able to cover a large extent of ground and thus give his novels that crowded and comprehensive air upon which they rely for their chief effect. Not for him the erratic genius of an Ernest Hemingway. Mr. Hemingway has branched out into all kinds of impulsive expeditions—has lavished his talent on all manner of subjects that may now strike us as being completely unworthy of his skill. He is a capricious individualist; while Mr. dos Passos plods forward with stolid socialist industry, compiling the history of

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his age with the help of a technique that owes much to Hemingway, something to Joyce and, here and there, not a little to that eccentric and ill-tempered great-aunt of modern American letters, Miss Gertrude Stein. If we except certain well-known dramatic devices—the recurrent *News-Reels* and *Camera-Eyes* which do not seem to me in themselves especially memorable—he has contributed nothing to the development of the modern American novel. His books are worth reading because he is thorough, honest, intelligent and reports extremely well. He is deeply serious; and serious novelists are still at a premium.

With *The Big Money*, Mr. dos Passos completes the trilogy of modern American novels that he began with *The Forty-Second Parallel* several years back. Here, divided up into long irregular sections, interspersed with supplementary chapters of varying importance, are full-length studies of four contemporary men and women; a war-time aviator, Charley Anderson, who "makes good," earns huge sums of money but comes to an exceedingly bad end: a young woman who, after numerous jolts and vicissitudes, marries a Jewish film director and achieves stardom; a Socialist college-girl; and the drunken executive of a New York advertising agency. Behind each portrait looms the background of the period; in each character are incorporated some of the qualities of that period—its restlessness, ruthlessness and nervous egotism—as they reveal themselves through an individual life. Charley Anderson and Margo Dowling give their names to the longest and most illuminating chapters of the book; and readers of the passages headed *Charley Anderson* may find it worth their while to compare this picture of a post-war American business-man with Mr. John O'Hara's brilliant *Appointment in Samarra*. Anderson and the protagonist of Mr. O'Hara's book are fundamentally "good fellows"; and each is betrayed—not by some vice inherent in his own nature, not by a disastrous combination of outside circumstances—but by a kind of general weakness, exposed to the peculiarly difficult and neurasthenic atmosphere of the period and society in which he lives. Neither of them has any inner reserves, any stock of traditional values, on which he can draw when fortune turns against him; and both recall those figures of Scandinavian mythology, convex and human-looking on one side, but concave and unformed if you peer behind. Their virility is blatant but their vitality questionable. When they cave in and collapse, they collapse for good.

Margo is Charley Anderson's feminine complement. While a vein of feminine susceptibility runs through the big business-man's almost truculently masculine make-up, a strain of more than masculine strength and hardness enables the child-actress, show-girl, gold-digger, night-club hostess to bluff her way from situation to situation; till she meets and makes the most of Charley Anderson, just then tottering towards an early and alcoholic doom. The portrait of Margo Dowling—her vulgarity, her shrewdness, her unexpected lapses into good-nature, her facile sensuality and cool opportunism—is built up in a number of clever and cruel touches. Mr. dos Passos shows us the evolution of her character, and—a point which even modern novelists do not always bear in mind—shows us character itself as something infinitely fluid, a balance (temporarily effected and perpetually shifting) between a vast horde of inherited traits, acquired impulses, needs, desires, memories and aspirations. *Charley Anderson* and *Margo Dowling* would alone supply the material of an extremely interesting book; but I cannot see that *Mary French* and *Richard Ellsworth Savage* add much to the solidity of the design. The two latter sections are fragmentary and rather diffuse. A series of short biographies, scattered broadcast through the book—sketches of Henry Ford, Rudolph Valentino, Isadora Duncan, Veblen, Wilbur and Orville Wright and Frank Lloyd Wright, the author of that truly appalling edifice, the Tokyo Imperial Hotel, for whose work, nevertheless, Mr. dos Passos appears to feel the greatest admiration—are extraordinarily well done. But the impressionistic *Camera-Eye* has lost its brightness.

Mr. dos Passos describes a landscape that has breadth but no depth; he writes of characters who are all present and future but have none of that roundness, poise and reserved strength that comes of a spiritual connection with the life of the past. In M. Albert Gervais' book, on the other hand, we enter a world where the influences of the past are omnipresent, and the living man is hemmed in by the hosts of the dead. Here resignation, and an ability to see the events of to-day in their historical perspective, are so highly developed as to have become social vices: for the Chinese intellectual, knowing that periods of anarchy and civil war are part of the regular historic cycle to which the human race is bound, is inclined to dismiss them with a philosophic shrug of the shoulders. Remembering his previous book, a fascinating account of his experiences as a doctor in a remote Chinese city, I turned eagerly to M. Gervais' first novel, *The Ghosts of Sin-Chang*. Alas, though he is an exceedingly accomplished reporter, M. Gervais is not a very good novelist; and the task of reading his story is rendered all the more difficult by a translation which, to say the least of it, fails to make the best of a bad job. Personally, I like spectres in moderation. When they begin to accumulate—till they suggest the piled-up corpses of the Elizabethan tragic stage—my attention is apt to wander; and *The Ghosts of Sin-Chang* is so clogged with mysterious happenings, *revenants*, apparitions and vampires, that the effect, towards the end, is curiously placid. But M. Gervais gives a vivid picture of the physical background and adds some penetrating reflections on Chinese life.

Living China is the first collection of modern Chinese short stories ever to be published in England. Seven of the stories printed in this volume are the work of Lu Hsün; seventeen other writers are represented by one story each. All belong to the Left wing, both as regards politics and literary method; but Lu Hsün, who is one of the chief exponents of contemporary vernacular literature, is said to combine the charm of traditional literary expression with the rapidity and intelligibility of modern utterance. Certainly, *Medicine*—an extremely gruesome story—though rather clumsy in its English form, is an impressive and moving piece of work. Also worth reading are *Mud* by Tun Mao, which deals with the bewilderment of simple Chinese peasants, caught between warring armies and conflicting creeds, and *Slave Mother*—a study of Chinese marriage customs among the peasantry and middle classes—by Jou Shih.

Miss Kate O'Brien is boldly romantic. *Mary Lavelle* is the story of a pretty and innocent Irish girl who goes out to Spain to act as governess in the household of a prosperous upper-middle class family. The book is nicely written. Miss O'Brien is a sensitive and intelligent observer who believes in taking her time; and the result is a leisurely, pleasant narrative which includes in its scope all kinds of interesting digressions—there is a remarkably good passage on a bull-fight—before it works up to a sentimental climax. Not a book that I should recommend to captious highbrows. But the ordinary public will swallow it whole and sit up for more.

PETER QUENNELL

RIBALD SIGNATURES

I Tremble to Think. By ROBERT LYND. *Dent.* 6*s.*
Mild and Bitter. By A. P. HERBERT. *Methuen.* 6*s.*
Only The Other Day. By E. V. LUCAS. *Methuen.* 6*s.*

The laughing philosopher is un-English. Though we find it hard to distinguish between high seriousness and cheap solemnity, we know a joke when we see one, and find it easy never to take seriously anyone who makes jokes. There is a cartoon by Mr. Max Beerbohm in which a child rebukes Matthew Arnold for not being always *wholly* serious. Mr. Lynd and Mr. Herbert have unwisely strayed from the paths of low seriousness and risked rebuke.

Robert Lynd, commonly known as Y. Y., has taken an even greater risk. He has been so unfashionable as to write essays; not ponderous fulminations apparently as innocent of personal opinion as the laws of Moses, but real essays, tentative and free in the use of the honest though immodest "I." He is tolerant and rather in the habit of suspending judgment. When he expresses a prejudice he will give an account of the personal history of his attitude to the thing condemned, and confess to blind spots and weaknesses. Someone ought to warn Mr. Lynd about this kind of thing; he is in grave danger of being classed with Charles Lamb.

I Tremble to Think consists of some thirty essays on all sorts of subjects which have appeared over the initials Y. Y. in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. The uncritical and frivolous people who liked those essays when they first appeared will find their favourites here. There is, for instance, the title essay—"I am inclined to the opinion that people who tremble to think are nearly always wrong. I doubt whether they tremble, and I am sure they seldom think." There are two admirable excursions on etiquette entitled, "Nice Behaviour" and "Pleasing the Foreigners." There is a soundly philosophical note on "Arguing." Refute that in your study circles! My own favourite in this book is the essay on believers in a flat earth. Your flat-earther

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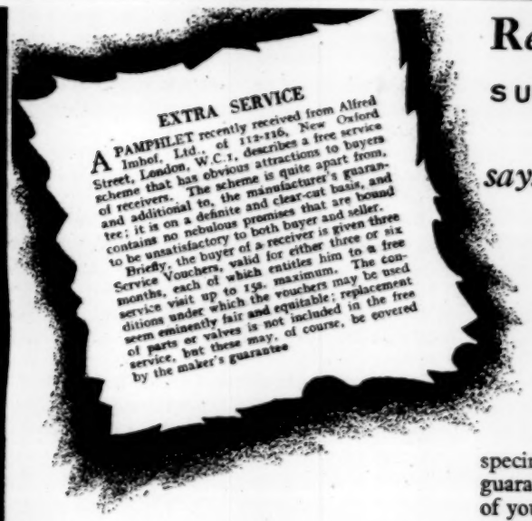
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" was incapable of believing that if you destroy or limit the food-supply, everybody will have more to eat. He was incapable of believing that the best way to help trade is to hinder it. He was incapable of believing that men are freest when you put them in chains. He was incapable of believing that, if you wish to fit men to play their part in the world, the first thing you must do is to cut them off from all knowledge of it. In fine, the flat-earther was a fairly shrewd fellow. He knew enough, when it rained, to get in out of the wet." Whether Mr. Lynd is being astonished at the traditional cynicism and indifference of King's College, Cambridge, or appreciating the works of Amanda Ros, he is well worth listening to even if he is amusing without being instructive. Steven Spurrier's illustrations genuinely illustrate and are also attractive in themselves.

Mild and Bitter contains a little too much Mild. It is not perhaps entirely Mr. Herbert's fault. His defence can be found at the end of the sad poem with which his book opens :

> Oh, it's hard to be funny for money,
> You'll find, if you're that way intentioned,
> For most of the world isn't funny,
> And the rest of it musn't be mentioned.

This book is, as the blurb says, " a most miscellaneous miscellany." First of all it contains parodies. " Perseverance " or " Half a Coronet " is a close and cruel parody of Gilbert. The patter song is perfect :

> You labour and grind, but are always behind ; you might be a mouse or a midge :
> You've given up hoping, you fly to the coping of Lambeth or Waterloo Bridge.

It is all brilliantly done, but a little late in the day. " Beat not the bones of the buried." There are plenty of living victims for the parodist. Indeed, Mr. Herbert *does* give Mr. Noel Coward what for in " Batter Sweet or Not Cricket " :

> Can it be some poignant recollection
> Has revived an old affection ?
> Can it be that this little toy
> Has awakened the brittle joy
> Of a dream that is stale ?

He can do the prose dialogue, too.

> *Howard* (halting). You !
> *Sadie.* Howard, I hear you are captain of Oxton now.
> *Howard.* Yes. Isn't it foul ?
> *Sadie.* Isn't it rather big to be at the top of the tree ?
> *Howard* (with a bitter little laugh). It's a lonely place, Sadie, the top of the tree. There's nothing up there but last year's birds'-nests.
> *Sadie.* You're so unserious.

Pleasant Sunday mornings with Messrs. Agate, Garvin and St. John Ervine are excellently wicked. But " Hamlet P.C.," like all the other parodies of Shakespeare, is a dismal failure.

Mr. Herbert's mildly humorous verse is unexciting and diffuse. His personal essays on Giving Up Smoking and similar subjects suffer by comparison with those of Mr. Lynd. He is better at Bitter than at Mild.

There are several pieces in this book by A. P. Herbert, M.P. The reforms which this legislator urges are sensible ; he seems to have an unusually clear idea of what the people want, and he is eloquent. But with the awful example of Mr. Shaw before him he should have realised that either you can make jokes or you can be a reformer, but you cannot do both in England.

These essays of Mr. E. V. Lucas contain a good deal of out-of-the-way information. It is not that anyone could accuse him of being instructive, but that he seems more interested in things than in opinions. He looks on the world—the modern world included—with an antiquarian eye. And generally speaking he thinks it good. He visits Bury St. Edmunds, discusses its Pickwickian associations, and finishes by wandering around Abbot Samson. Perhaps the key of the book can be found in one sentence : " I am glad I went to Bury, not only to get this idea of the place, but to see also the beautiful St. Mary's Church, with its rich colouring, and to be sent again to Carlyle's *Past and Present* . . ." Mr. Lucas is happily at home in the side-alleys of literature. In particular he rediscovers the principal continuer of Pickwick, who was also the founder of *Reynolds' News*. He is also as felicitous as ever on cricket and minor poetry and travel. If you like the essay at all, you will like *Only the Other Day*.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE KING AND THE CONSTITUTION

The King and the Imperial Crown. By A. BERRIEDALE KEITH. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

This book has all the solid qualities for which its distinguished author is noted. It is based upon a massive grasp of the relevant authorities. It is throughout marked by independence of judgment and a sturdy common sense. Professor Keith has a full sense of the complexities of the problems with which he deals ; and it is refreshing to find a discussion of them in which their delicacy and gravity is not hidden from the reader. No other book, at the moment, covers exactly the same ground in so thorough a way. It is, therefore, indispensable to the student of the subject.

That is not to say that there will be agreement with all his views. That the royal veto is dead I imagine all except the most extreme die-hards would now admit. That a dissolution would not be refused, save in the most exceptional circumstances, has, I think, been pretty clearly demonstrated by the events of the post-war years. That the royal influence over appointments has ceased to count in the ministerial realm wherever a Prime Minister has made up his mind is a thesis that it would now be difficult to traverse. The problems that are of special difficulty are, as Professor Keith rightly emphasises, in realms where, because of the absence of any adequate materials since the death of Queen Victoria, it is difficult to pronounce judgment with certainty. Professor Keith takes the view that the Parliament Act has left the King the guardian of the Constitution ; it has, he writes, " only enhanced the importance thus left to the action in emergency of the King." From the precedents of 1909–11 he infers, if I read him aright, that a Labour government fighting a recalcitrant House of Lords would not have the right to demand a creation of peers without submitting, if this were demanded by the Crown, to the hazards of a general election upon this issue.

Is this so clear ? Could the Crown demand a dissolution if a Labour government, in a period of grave crisis, found the House of Lords unwilling to pass the measures it was able to secure from the House of Commons ? Could the Crown, in such conditions, force upon a newly elected government a new appeal to the country without having its neutrality gravely suspect in the eyes of all who supported the Labour programme ? And, crisis apart, what is the relation of this doctrine to the theory of a popular mandate ? Suppose that a Labour government were to appeal to the electorate upon a programme which included the right to abolish the House of Lords in its first session. Is it Professor Keith's view that the acceptance of this programme by the electorate must be contingent upon the Crown's abstention from its right as " guardian of the Constitution " to force a dissolution if it thinks fit ? Or does he take the view that it is now a principle of the Constitution that important measures rejected by the Lords must pass through either the procedure of the Parliament Act or through the risks of a second general election ? Does he think that a party with a majority will submit to the limitations upon its authority (limitations which do not apply to its rival) which may be so interpreted as to render its operations largely ineffective for two years of its power ? Does he not see that the effect of his doctrine is to make the King the " guardian, indeed, of the Constitution," but of a Constitution always interpreted in the interests of the Conservative party ? Could the theory of the Crown's neutrality last long under such circumstances ?

These questions are very closely connected with the question of the influences which are brought to bear on the Crown in times of critical conflict. Few readers of Professor Keith's pages will feel happy at what he has to tell of this situation. Queen Victoria was rarely loyal to her Liberal ministers ; and among those who were accomplices in her disloyalty were Disraeli and Salisbury. Upon her successors we have no direct evidence of a comparable kind. Yet on what we have it is difficult to feel that either Edward VII or George V had access to information outside a narrow Tory circle of acquaintances. Lord Balfour and Archbishop Davidson both took an attitude in 1910 which was, in effect, narrowly partisan ; and Lord Esher's *Diaries* have recently revealed how unfit he was for that position of *eminence grise* to which he attained. In the Ulster crisis George V had no access to the mind of Ireland save through the minds of Ministers, many of whom, as we now know, were engaged in complicated intrigues with the Tory Opposition which, had they been known, would have raised a passionate outcry in the country. The condition upon which alone the King can effectively act as a

Mrs. Meek orders a suit!

We witnessed an amusing little comedy in a well-known London stores the other day. Mr. Meek entered the men's outfitting department, followed, or rather overshadowed, by Mrs. Meek, who subsided into a chair and immediately began to give instructions. Little Mr. Meek stood by, resigned and disinterested.

Yes, Mr. Meek wanted a suit. Mrs. Meek would first look through the materials. Having altered her mind at least twenty times, she at last said—"I think, after all, we'll have the usual dark grey, John, shall we?" John nodded assent.

Prolonged discussions followed. Should the jacket be slit at the back or not? How high should the waistcoat be cut? Turnups to the trousers or no turnups? You know the sort of thing, only much more so.

Presently Mrs. Meek stopped for a second to regain her breath. This was the salesman's opportunity. "Excuse me, madam," he said, "I think we will get the cutter himself to take the measurements. Then we will be certain to have everything exactly as you wish."

We saw him hurriedly instructing an assistant, out of sight of the Meeks. Presently he reappeared, followed by the assistant, now with coat off and tape around neck. Anticipating each of Mrs. Meek's instructions, he soon assured her that nothing could be misunderstood, and that all his time and thoughts were going to be centred upon Mr. Meek's suit for the next week or so. Mrs. Meek left, thoroughly happy and explaining to her diffident spouse how fortunate he was to have her help in ordering a suit.

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guardian of the Constitution is his full awareness of opinions which secure his full realisation of the whole national mind. No doubt he is genuinely impartial in the sense of an acute anxiety always to do the best for the country. But, no doubt also, it is very rare for him to have such constant relations outside the narrow circle of the Court as will enable him to have that full awareness. On such evidence as we have, it is difficult to feel that it was ever present either to Edward VII or to George V; and the *Letters* of Queen Victoria amply demonstrate that, after 1874, she was for almost thirty years the unofficial election agent of the Conservative party.

I venture, therefore, the suggestion that there are implications in the view of the King as "guardian of the Constitution" which raise far graver issues than those Professor Keith has here explored. Until someone gives us much ampler material than we now have it will be difficult not to feel that the Constitution the monarch protects looks backward rather than forward; that it concerns itself with satisfying the established expectations of powerful vested interests rather than the claims of those seeking to alter the character of those expectations. The solution of the crisis of 1931 was, for example, made constitutional by the electoral acceptance of the National Government. But it is clear that throughout its occurrence the King had no real access at all to the mind of Labour; and, frankly, it may be doubted whether the equilibrium of our Constitution is strong enough to stand many shocks like that of 1931. It is easy to understand why references to "Palace influences" are not gratefully received in high quarters; but until there are more safeguards against their operation than, on the evidence, we appear to have, they are bound to incur the suspicion that they incline the prestige of the Crown in one direction only.

HAROLD J. LASKI

SHORTER NOTICES

Francis Fortescue Urquhart: A Memoir. By CYRIL BAILEY. *Macmillan.* 6s.

The Balliol don who is the subject of this biography was an historian who never wrote a book. His letters were numerous rather than brilliant, nor was his character of that eccentric sort which sometimes develops so luxuriantly in the climate of a University and which becomes a legend by the striking anecdotes to which it has given rise. Yet he did become a legend by his genius for friendship, and there must be thousands who cannot think of him as Urquhart, but only as "Sligger," a nickname dear to generation after generation of Balliol men. He could hardly have been more unlike the great Master who made Balliol pre-eminent, yet his influence, if less definite, was hardly less pervasive. Where Jowett trained the intellect and prepared men for public office, Sligger developed their good feelings, and prepared them, as it were, for private life. He never preached, his disapproval showed itself only in silence, but his modesty and gentleness were infectious. In a college notoriously intellectual and often accused of hubris, he represented invaluably the claims of good manners, the true *politesse du coeur*. A devout Catholic, he very rarely spoke of his religion, but this showed itself not only in his unobtrusive personal goodness, but in his character as a good European. He was in many ways limited, yet he was never insular. To write a memoir of such a man is enormously difficult. A pouting smile, a hesitant voice, an undeliberate charm, an enormous but unobtrusive affectionateness, do not lend themselves to description. But Mr. Cyril Bailey has managed with the greatest possible tact to make a portrait which will delight, and almost satisfy, Sligger's innumerable friends.

Richard Burton: Explorer. By HUGH J. SCHONFIELD. *Herbert Joseph.* 15s.

Mr. Schonfield's biography of Sir Richard Burton is intended, he tells us, to revive interest in Burton, and to supply for the first time an unbiased portrait. In his intention he may be successful; his aspiration is almost certain to be disappointed. No one can be unbiased when dealing with Burton. He was far too vivid and prickly a person upon whom to deliver a calm definitive judgment. The most that can be said for Mr. Schonfield is that he justifies his title. Here is Burton the explorer; but Burton the man, the husband, the friend, the enemy, is at times smoothed out of recognition. We have glimpses, it is true, of the controversies of which he was the storm centre, but their violence is curbed, and Burton without his volcanic temper and his raciness of speech, is not the man who, when living, excited sympathy and antipathy regardless of the facts of the case, whatever the facts may have happened to be.

Karl Marx, the Story of His Life. By FRANZ MEHRING. *Lane.* 15s.

Karl Marx, Man and Fighter. By BORIS NICOLAIEVSKY and OTTO MAENCHEN-HELFEN. *Methuen.* 12s. 6d.

Here are two biographies of Marx. Of Mehring's, the standard life, which has long been well known in the German original, we need say only that it is a thoroughly competent piece of work, written by a Marxist of Left-wing sympathies, and now well translated and produced for its long-delayed English edition. *Karl Marx, Man and Fighter*, is somewhat slighter, and contains less about Marx's doctrines, but incorporates some material which has only recently become available through the labours of the Marx-Engels Institute at Moscow. It is very readable and on the whole accurate, though the authors make some mistakes about England, as when they confuse George Odger with Randall Cramer, and endow him with a knighthood which he would certainly have rejected with scorn. Both these books are considerably better than any lives of Marx that have been available in English hitherto. Those who want a standard, documented biography will get Mehring; *Marx, Man and Fighter*, which has many quotations but few references, may suit better the reader who only wants to get a general idea of who Marx was and what he did.

The Hero. By LORD RAGLAN. *Methuen.* 10s. 6d.

This is a brilliant and thorough attack on the treatment of tradition as though it were sound historical source material. Lord Raglan's thesis is that the race-memory beloved of so many historians is an *ad hoc* theory produced to bolster up old wives' tales. He debunks traditional pedigrees, local traditions, Robin Hood, Hengist and Horsa, King Arthur and the Tale of Troy. He attributes the rise of myth and traditional "history" to primitive ritual and traces the historic hero from ritual to drama and thence to narrative and legend. His analysis of the pattern of the myth of any major hero's birth, life and death is applied to Oedipus, Heracles, Jason, Apollo, Moses, Elijah, Nyikang, Siegfried, Arthur and Robin Hood. The common features of their stories are surprisingly numerous. Lord Raglan has a good case and he states it with vigour. Here he is in full invective against scholars: "The reading of the *Iliad* or the *Seven Against Thebes* fills them with emotion, but since they are unwilling to admit that it is emotion of similar type to that experienced by the small boy who reads *Treasure Island*, they attempt to conceal it by throwing over it a veil of pseudo-history. This veil takes the form of a fabled Heroic Age, in which, apparently, the principal features of life were dragons, single combats, and elopements. In my view it is just as reasonable to suppose that there was a Comic Age in which life was made up of back-chat, disguises, and practical jokes, and a Tragic Age in which people were always murdering their nearest relatives, and true love led to untimely death."

Economic and Social History of Medieval Europe. By PROFESSOR H. PIRENNE. *Routledge.* 6s.

The publisher's blurb is here thoroughly justified, and the general reader—as well as teachers and students, young and old—should welcome this wholly admirable survey of the origins of Western Europe, by one of the best-known and most stimulating teachers of our generation. Professor Pirenne has a definite point of view, the fruit of long years of experience. This makes his book all the better reading; and it is always fully and skilfully documented, with a wealth of apt and vivid illustration, and abundant references to published books and papers. English students now have no excuse for continuing, as has been their wont, to study the history of their own country in isolation, without reference to the "essential background." The main lines of early European evolution, urban and rural, commercial, industrial, monetary, are here brilliantly sketched, in extraordinarily small compass. The translator, I. E. Clegg, whose name appears only in small type on a back page, succeeds in making a translation read like a fluent original—which is more than can be said for the American version of at least one of Professor Pirenne's earlier works, his well-known essay on *Medieval Cities*. This book has no obvious rival.

A History of Europe 1715-1814. By W. F. REDDAWAY. *Methuen.* 16s.

Public Opinion and Politics in Eighteenth Century England: To the Fall of Walpole. By WILLIAM THOMAS LAPRADE. *Macmillan.* 18s.

This admirable study of eighteenth century Europe, from the accession of the Elector of Hanover to the British throne to the downfall of Napoleon, is the fourth volume to be published of Messrs. Methuen's *History of Mediaeval and Modern Europe*. The eighteenth century in Europe is as little arbitrary a division of historical time as any purist could desire and, as Mr. Reddaway points out, the English king's connection with Hanover made that state the axis about which European affairs were bound to turn, and incidentally forced this country into the Continental vortex. Mr. Reddaway gives the turmoil of the time a curious reality; for so fully has he digested his material that his narrative flows without halting through all the intricacies of national and dynastic policies and politics. And, which is more important, he so lucidly describes the position, geographical, cultural and political, of each separate nation *vis-à-vis* its neighbours, that his story and its argument are always easy to follow. It is history for the layman, for it is never dull; it is history for the student, for its sources are multitudinous and often unusual; it is history for the publicist, for in it he will see clearly the building of the Europe that crashed just a century later.

Professor Laprade's study of the same century from the English point of view is a brilliant piece of work, in a style, which, though literary enough in polish, is almost as staccato as Mr. Jingle's, and rattling like a machine gun, is, also like a machine gun, devastating in its effects. The American Professor rushes through the century, and with a learning that is amazing he makes us see it through the eyes

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SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER; first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

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RADLETT. Well-furnished house, 10 mins. station and shops, quiet situation. 2 recep. rooms, 3 bedrms., kitchen, bath, garage, garden, kit.-garden; gas, electricity. 4½ guineas. "Alvamay," Beech Avenue, Radlett.

RAYNER'S LANE, 25 mins. West End. Well-furnished double or single rooms, 'phone, constant hot water. 23 Vicarage Way, Harrow Garden Village.

THOSE desiring UNFURNISHED ROOMS in Hampstead, own decorating, reasonable rents, in quiet house with garden, some with coal fires, please write Box 436, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. One Attic Flat.

ISOKON minimum flat, vacant soon. Living rm. (divan bed), dressing rm., bathrm. Fully equipped. Complete service, central heating, hot water. Meals as required. Apply ISOKON, Lawn Rd. Flats, N.W.3. Pri. 6054.

TO LET for a few months at Old Southgate, N.14. Small house, partly furnished, gas, electric light, etc. Near bus and tube. Apply M. C., N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

£95 p.a. incl., 2.-c. flat. Two large rooms, kitchen, bathroom. W.C. Russell Square Station two mins. Ring Terminus 3914.

WANTED to rent, unfurnished, four-roomed flat with bath and kitchen. Bloomsbury preferred, but quiet and atmosphere essential. Box 428, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

HAMPSTEAD-HIGHGATE. Unfurnished, sitting and 2 bedrooms (all large), kitchen, bath and w.c. Elec. light, 3 minutes Heath, ½ hour City. £90 p.a. Apply BAINES, 24 West Hill, N.6. 'Phone Mountview 4073.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

Applications are invited for the post of a Senior Assistant Librarian, at a salary of £250, rising by annual increments of £20 to £350.

It is desirable that applicants should have a degree of a British University.

Particulars of the duties and conditions may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent not later than 18th November, together with the names of three referees, and (if the candidate so desires) not more than three testimonials.

October, 1936. EDWARD CAREY, Registrar.

EAST SUFFOLK COUNTY COUNCIL.

COUNTY LIBRARY.

Applications are invited for the appointment of male Chief Assistant to the Librarian at a commencing salary of £200 rising to £250 by annual increments of £10.

Applicants must be Associates of the Library Association and have had considerable library experience, including cataloguing and classification (Dewey). The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination, and to contribute under the Local Government and other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922.

Applications, accompanied by three recent testimonials, to be made in the applicant's own handwriting, endorsed "Chief Assistant," should reach THE SECRETARY, Education Office, County Hall, Ipswich, not later than 7th November, 1936.

BEDDINGTON AND WALLINGTON URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL.

APPOINTMENT OF SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT.

The Council invite applications for the appointment of SENIOR ASSISTANT (Male) in the Public Library Department, at a salary of £156 per annum.

Preference will be given to applicants who have had experience in classification and cataloguing, and have passed the Intermediate Examination of the Library Association.

Subject to the consent of the Minister of Health, the appointment will be designated for purposes of the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922, and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination.

Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, and accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, should reach the undersigned not later than the 6th November, 1936.

T. BOOTH, Clerk of the Council.

Town Hall, Wallington, Surrey.
27th October, 1936.

APPLICATIONS are invited for post of Organising Secretary, Nursery School Association of Great Britain.

Training and/or experience of secretarial work and knowledge of social and educational administration essential. Knowledge of educational work among young children and experience of public speaking desirable.

Three copies of application and testimonials to be submitted by November 14th addressed to THE CHAIRMAN, Nursery School Association of Great Britain, 29 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1, and marked "Secretarial Appointment."

A GROUP of people associated with associations for sending medical aid to Spain, including Lady Hastings, Lord Churchill, Dr. Janet Vaughan, Mr. Francis Meynell and Mr. Fenner Brockway, has decided to organise a Spanish Exhibition within the next few months. The exhibits will include works of art and peasant craft, and also photographic and other records of present-day Spain. Spanish music and Spanish dances will be performed. A competent organiser is needed to give full-time service for about six weeks. Applicants should state their experience and what remuneration they would require. Box 451, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

CHEERY worker wanted as one of unconventional household (Left views). Help mother generally (daily woman for rough work). Thoroughly domesticated essential. Children 15, 11, 3½. Good salary and every consideration. Write for interview (London). DORAN, 66 Burnham Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

WOMAN secretary, graduate or high standard English, Socialist views, required for literary and political post. Please state age, education, experience and political activities. Box 449, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

GOVERNESS wanted. Two young children, modern psychology and outlook, prepared go abroad. Apply Box 455, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED. Domesticated young woman as right hand to help run flat (cooking, etc.) for one adult in charge of nervous, shy child. No responsibility for child but kindly tolerant attitude essential. District N.W.6. Box 457, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FORMER Secretary to distinguished author requires morning post. Accustomed to take authors' MSS. from dictation. Box 454, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

CAMBRIDGE, B.A. (age 25) seeks post. Knowledge French, Italian, Law. Interests Music, Literature, Painting. Politics Left. Box 426, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

and pens of pamphleteers and publicists, so that out of the torrent of libel and calumny and invective, of scurrilous wit and bitter humour, poured by the giants or spat by the pigmies of Grub Street, come the statesmen and politicians of the age as their enemies saw them and their friends defended them. The research and industry that went to the making of this monograph must have been prodigious. There is no sign of labour, however, about the book, which is as sprightly as any pasquinade it puts under contribution.

Jonathan Wild: Prince of Rotters. By FREDERICK J. LYONS. *Michael Joseph.* 15s.

Frankly popular though the form of this book undoubtedly is, in its content it is far ahead of the generality of such works. Mr. Lyons tells the story of the famous "thief-taker," who was himself all kinds of a rogue, from his sordid beginnings to his well-deserved end; but where he differs from the average picaresque biographer is in the re-creation of the world and underworld in which the rascalities of this prince of rotters were carried out. Mr. Lyons has ransacked the literature of the period for accounts of Wild and his associates, and of the contemporary scene, and has done it so effectively that in the result he has given us a period piece that is curiously convincing.

Week-end Competitions

No. 346

Set by Leigh Ashton

An American lady called at my office and after a prolonged period of questioning me on various subjects to do with art, bid me farewell, saying, "You have been most kind, Mr. Ashton; it will all be most helpful to me in my course; I shall certainly come back next year to you." I politely asked what her course was, to which she replied, "Culture." With slight alarm I then questioned her as to her course next year, to which she answered, "Oh! next year I am taking 'Background.'" Set a paper of not more than eight questions, which might be regarded as a suitable test for a student in this subject. We offer the usual prizes for the best entries.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, November 6th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 344

Set by Philip Jordan

"What will you do in the next war, Daddy?"

Well, what will you do supposing that the next war is as improper as the last was?

We offer our usual prizes for the most original method of making oneself as comfortable as possible combined with practicability. Cynicism not banned; but anyone going off to the South Seas disqualified.

Report by Philip Jordan

I suppose I have only myself to blame for having to wade through such a sludge of words: I ought to have set a limit to the natural garrulity of man. None the less, I hope the evil-minded will not believe that the first prize-winner gets away with it because he is so terse. He doesn't. Common sense, alas, wins for him.

Something like fifty readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION have something like fifty completely different answers to give to the question I set. The diversity and ingenuity they all show is a compliment rather to their heads than to their solidarity. I was particularly glad to see that not one of them has thought of my own private wheeze for peace with honour. Not that I propose to divulge it here.

Runners up? Well, there were plenty. Pithecus, at least, was honest. He says that, being over military age, he will sit in a gas-proof shelter, and say: "Ah! if only I were 30 years younger." I like John Powell's idea: he is going to apply for the job of caretaker at an institution for conscientious objectors! J. Nevin, in case of war, proposes to have a long deferred operation, from which it will take him a year to recover. But he doesn't say where it is to be performed.

Richard Pomfret gets the first prize, for reasons stated above. It is a sorry thought that millions of people will agree with him. W. Leslie Nicholls gets second prize for an ingenious and plausible idea. We must look out for him: he sounds a dangerous fellow.

Winning entries. (I hope the editor will allow Mr. Pomfret's adjective.)

FIRST PRIZE

"To make yourself as comfortable as possible in the next war, daddy, what will you do?"

"As I'm bloody well told."

RICHARD POMFRET

SECOND PRIZE

In the last war, the conscientious objector was an unknown species previous to the outbreak of hostilities. A great mistake—people were unprepared for him. Now I am thinking of weighing in at once. I shall go up and down the country, preaching the virtues of conscientious objection and of pacifism generally. In fact, I shall become a thorn in the side of a reactionary government. The subtlety of my plan will become apparent at the commencement of the next war. You see, that will be an entirely just war—the one kind of war in which all Christians (on our side) will be able to fight with a clear conscience. I shall, of course, realise this at once; my conversion will be immediate. My offer to the government as a lecturer for recruiting purposes will be accepted eagerly, and at a salary commensurate with my former nuisance-value. Then Fame, Fortune and Security for the duration.

W. LESLIE NICHOLLS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 200.—REVOLT IN CUBA

"My fifth form," writes Mr. Theorem, a schoolmaster, "is in a state of insurrection. The cause of the trouble is, apparently, a little exercise suggested by me. We cut out a number of cardboard squares—some blue, some red, and so on; altogether there were six different colours. These squares are all of the same size and, apart from their colour, indistinguishable; and they are so devised that they can be fitted together to form cubes of uniform dimensions. And my suggestion was that the form should determine—either by calculation or by experiment—how many cubes, distinguishable from one another, could be constructed from these squares.

"Alas! we cannot agree as to the answer, and there has been something very like a riot. Can you help us?"

What is the answer?

PROBLEM 198.—"LAST TRUMP"

By *F. Mortimer Wentworth*

A simple problem in partitions. Since the odds against *n* cards being dealt (where *n* was the number dealt to Prospero) are known to be 2 to 1, we need only experiment, to begin with, with numbers which are a multiple of 3.

It is soon discovered that 24 cards can be partitioned in 24 ways.

Of these 24 partitions, 11, 6 and 1 alone occur 8 times. (Of the remaining 8 numbers, each occurs 9 times.) Now we examine the partitions of 23, and find that 6 alone occurs 8 times.

Hence Prospero was dealt 6 cards.

PROBLEM 197.—THE ABECEDARIANS' LEAGUE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: C. G. A. Burnham, "Kettleness," Upgang Lane, Whitby.

Five points are awarded for a correct solution; one point extra for each correct "cook."

TO SOLVERS

I hope, during this next fortnight, to clear off arrears of correspondence.

Suggestions, and solvers' problems, have been sent to me lately in unprecedented numbers. Both are welcome and I hope, in due course, to do justice to them all; but of late some measure of delay has been inevitable. My renewed apologies.

In response to several inquiries, solvers who have secured three prizes will be eligible for a fourth on attaining a further 180 points.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

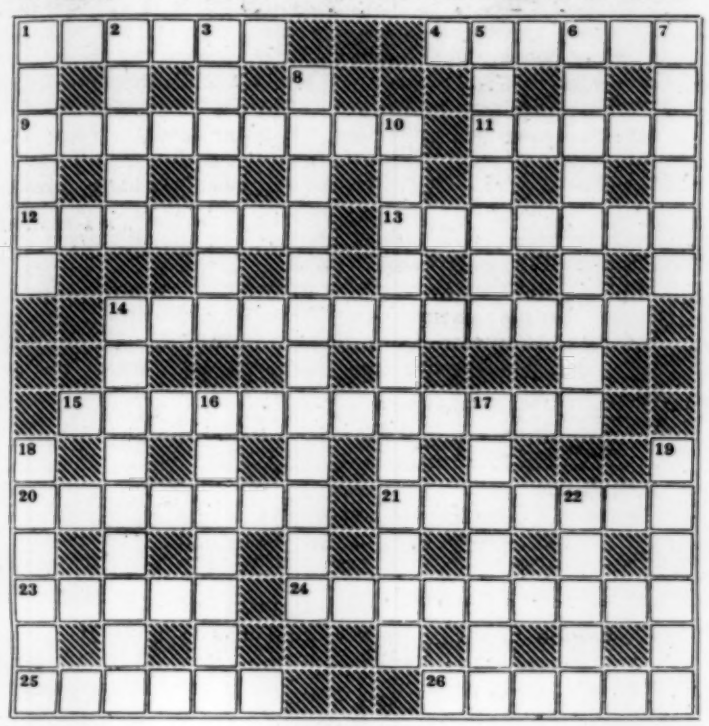
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 347

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
A. D. Cledwyn, 9 Museum Chambers, W.C.1

ACROSS.

1. Might be worn to cure hot-headedness.
4. A Western boatman possibly does it rapidly.
9. Snow carrier.
11. You may see this inherit.
12. Medicine for a hurt pet.
13. Permit to go to the south-west.
14. The financiers' ensign?
15. They have lately been declared "Not gilty."
20. The African has it in him.
21. One might as well nod as this to an unsightly mount.
23. The eel gets impaled on it.
24. 23 are needed for this puzzle.
25. Shortened Evensong nevertheless.
26. Change partners.

DOWN.

1. Had a meal at a pub.
2. One fault of Shakespeare's comedy.
3. What Lena takes for Players.
5. If it played, the music would, of course, go to one's head.
6. Officials of the M.C.C.?
7. Primitive wind gauges.
8. Not the establishments where paladins were trained.
10. Angry, I lisped thus hopelessly.
14. A young female director?
16. You'd expect such skilful people to be hammer-headed.
17. A man usually collars it in the morning.
18. Take Ann on the river.
19. The person who subtracts?
22. A first-class smell presumably.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

B	U	L	L	F	I	N	C	H	■	P	A	P	E	R
U	■	I	■	E	■	O	■	A	■	H	■	R	■	A
T	A	N	G	E	N	T	■	L	O	O	K	O	U	T
T	■	E	■	L	■	I	■	F	■	T	■	V	■	E
E	N	D	S	■	P	O	L	O	P	O	N	I	E	S
R	■	U	■	P	■	N	■	P	■	G	■	D	■	■
C	A	P	T	O	R	■	P	E	E	R	L	E	S	S
U	■	■	S	■	C	■	N	■	A	■	■	■	H	■
P	U	N	C	T	U	A	L	■	A	P	T	C	T	E
■	■	O	■	O	■	S	■	P	■	H	■	U	■	P
S	T	I	F	F	S	H	I	R	T	■	E	T	C	H
E	■	S	■	F	■	D	■	A	■	E	■	L	■	E
P	R	O	V	I	S	O	■	V	E	R	N	I	E	R
A	■	M	■	C	■	W	■	D	■	O	■	E	■	D
L	I	E	G	E	■	N	O	A	H	S	A	R	K	S

R. PALME DUTT and **PROF. H. J. LASKI**
discuss the results of the
Edinburgh Labour Conference

LABOUR & REARMAMENT, by J. R. Campbell.
IS PALESTINE PROSPEROUS? by British Resident.
THE ENGLISH TRADITION, by R. P. Arnot, and
A. J. CUMMINGS reviews "Reporter in Spain" in the November issue of the

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PERSONAL

RIDING, Central London, 6 lessons 30s. Write 52 Park Crescent Mews West, Regent's Park, W.1.

W.1. Bridge Circle. 1d. stakes. Thurs., Sats., beginners Tues. MISS MORGAN. Wel. 5049.

NUDISTS. For information about the Movement write to NATIONAL SUN & AIR ASSOCIATION, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2. Please enclose stamped envelope.

PLAYWRIGHT anxious meet enterprising rep. or amateur company. Apply Box 450, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

IF you want an individual Photoportrait 'phone Welbeck 4950 and make an appointment with ANTHONY PANTING at 5 Paddington Street, Marylebone.

NOSS MAYO, S. Devon. Sheltered sea inlet. Two guests taken winter months. 35s. Modern conveniences. MRS. LITHGOW.

PERSONAL—continued

LADY wishes to dispose of exceptionally nice baby grand piano by Förster, Leipzig. Designed to fit corner of small room. No reasonable offer refused. Inspection London district. Box 453, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

NUDIST CLUB, indoor central London, both sexes est. 6 years, usual social amenities. U-V light, baths, games, exercises. Write, enclosing stamp, Box 415 N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PICTURES

DUNLOP, R. O. "Rosalinda" fine, original portrait sketch, in harmony of blue and scarlet. Size about 20 × 14ins., framed £8 16s. Other originals by Dunlop, Collis, Ziegler and others. THE PHOENIX Showroom, 66 Chandos Street, W.C.2.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

SPECULATION AND NEW ISSUES—SHIPBUILDERS, PLATE-MAKERS AND SHIPOWNERS—COPPER PRODUCERS AND AMERICAN METAL

SUCH a technical reaction in the stock markets as we experienced this week is to be welcomed because it checks over-speculation, that is, it prevents the building up of an unwieldy "bull" account. I do not consider that speculation on the Stock Exchange has yet become unhealthy. Although the Actuaries' Investment Index of industrial share prices has risen by 14 per cent. over the past twelve months, bankers' "money at call and short loans" (which includes Stock Exchange loans) have increased by only 7.7 per cent. There is, undoubtedly, a big increase in speculation, but for the most part it has been soundly financed. On the last account day, for example, I am informed that 600,000 shares of Mexican Eagle were taken up and paid for by the speculating syndicates. (Mexican Eagle which I recommended at 20*s.* 6*d.* has now, at 32*s.* 4½*d.*, become too dangerous for my liking.) If I write sometimes in praise of speculation it is because so many good people talk such humbug about it. The capitalist system may be wicked but speculation is an essential part of its machinery. The worst part of Stock Exchange speculation is that it tends to play into the hands of the company promoters, for much harm results if they promote the expansion of an industry already threatened with over-capacity. This year we have had a series of small issues by aircraft, engineering and constructional companies directly or indirectly concerned with the rearmament boom. Old-established companies with bad profit records, such as Cammell Laird have even been able to issue ordinary shares at a high premium. One wonders how these issues will look in five years' time when the slowing down of armament orders exposes the over-capacity of the armament and allied trades. However, the supreme confidence of the promoter was displayed in the issue by Philip Hill and Partners last week of 1,250,000 5 per cent. preference shares at 21*s.* and 1,250,000 5*s.* ordinary shares at 15*s.* This company-promoting concern has entered into a seven-year contract with its managing director at £10,000 a year free of income tax and a ten-year contract with its assistant-managing director at £5,000 a year. It is very fitting that this issue by an issuer should have put a large profit in the hands of the "stags." The ordinary shares of Philip Hill and Partners, having been 20 times over-subscribed, are now quoted to 6*s.* 6*d.* premium.

* * *

It is odd that the National Government engaged on rearmament should suffer from a capitalistic scheme for the restriction of shipbuilding capacity which was jointly prepared a few years ago by the Labour Government and the Bank of England. National Shipbuilders Security, Ltd., was formed in February, 1930, to come to the rescue of the shipbuilding industry by buying up and scrapping redundant yards. The scheme was voluntary, and the company's overhead charges were covered by a 1 per cent. levy on the contract or sale price of vessels built by companies adhering to the scheme. The company was perhaps too successful. It has removed from the industry 180 berths with a capacity of about 1¼ million tons out of a total capacity of 3 million tons. Mercantile tonnage under construction has now risen from an average of 279,000 tons in 1932 to 928,571 tons at the end of September last. When the Admiralty orders are added, the shipyards of the country are likely to be fully employed. Indeed, the difficulty is to secure skilled labour for the work in hand. The devastations of National Shipbuilders Security, Ltd., necessarily turned a great many skilled men away from the industry. This will tend to increase wages, and seeing that the manufacturers of ship-plates have recently increased their prices, the shipbuilding companies may not make such enormous profits as the market anticipates. Still, the investor should include both shipbuilders and plate-makers in his portfolio. For example:

	Present Price.	Last Div. %.	Est. Div. %.	Gross Yield % on Est. Div.
Shipbuilders:				
John Brown 6 -	37/-	16⅔ net	22½ net	£4 15 9
Swan Hunter £1 ..	37/9	5	8	£4 4 9
Plate-makers:				
South Durham £1 B ..	37/-	5	9	£4 15 3
Colvilles £1 stock ..	33/9	—	7½	£4 8 9

Should he also include the shares of shipping companies, which have risen sharply? The *Statist* index of Tramp Shipping Freights last month made a jump of 10 per cent. and is now 29 per cent. higher than in September, 1935. Perhaps the shipbuilders provide the safest way of participating in the shipowner's resurrection.

* * *

Investors who keep their back numbers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION have missed a glorious opportunity of pulling my leg. Six months ago, in recommending the shares of the Northern Rhodesian copper producers, I warned investors not to expect a copper boom. Well, it is not exactly a boom, but the price of copper has risen from £36 to £41½ per ton and the copper quota has been increased from 70 per cent. to 95 per cent. Roan Antelope have risen from 39*s.* to 54*s.* 6*d.*, Rhodesian Selection Trust from 13*s.* to 20*s.* 6*d.*, and my particular choice at that time, Rhokana, from 6-7/16 to 11½. If this is a fair example of the happy financial advice which readers of this newspaper get for their sixpence a week, investors can do without a boom. The three Rhodesian producers have recently issued their annual reports for the year to June last, and though the profits they disclose are ancient history to-day, they have given some confidence to my Statistical Assistant in calculating current earning power. He has brought his figures up to date with the warning that they probably err on the side of optimism:

	Dividend 1935/6.	Estimated Current Earnings.	Present Price.	Yield on Current Earnings.
Roan Antelope 5/- ..	30%	75%	54/6	£6 17 0%
Rhodesian Selection Trust* 5/- (on full quota from Oct. 1st, 1937) ..	—	24%	20/6	£6 0 0%
Rhokana £1 ..	—	70%	11½	£6 1 0%

* Holds a two-third interest in Mujulira.

Statistical Assistant: I have taken a price of standard copper of £41 10*s.* per ton and a quota of 95 per cent. of the standard-tonnage. These assumptions may well be mutually inconsistent, for it has been thought for some time that the copper producers had in mind a price of £40 per ton and no more. Truly, the last increase in the quota percentage from 85 per cent. to 95 per cent. came as an unpleasant shock to the bulls of the metal. Even at the present high prices for these shares the indicated earnings' yields seem satisfactory.

Toreador: I suppose you have imbibed Mr. Chester Beatty's optimism at the recent meeting of Roan Antelope shareholders. If I remember rightly, he said that world stocks of copper had fallen to less than three months' requirements and that the maintenance of the current rate of consumption would require an additional output. Hence the increase in the quota to 95 per cent. I have no doubt that the quota will be increased to over 100 per cent. to stop the price of the metal rising above the present level, for the cheap producers do not want the high-cost mines to come into production. So I cling to my idea of prosperity without boom.

Statistical Assistant: A company which has benefited from the copper rise is Rhodesian Anglo-American. Its main asset is a holding of 54 per cent. of Rhokana shares, worth over £15 millions, and broadly it may be said that one Rhodesian Anglo-American share is equivalent to one-seventh of a Rhokana share. The break-up value is therefore about 33*s.* compared with the present price of 29*s.* 6*d.* There is, however, a "snag," for there are options on over 1½ million "Rhoanglo" 10*s.* shares at 20*s.* which, when exercised, will reduce the present break-up value to 31*s.* The shares are probably no cheaper than Rhokana.

Toreador: A cheaper "holding company" share is American Metal. Apart from its metal refining business it holds 5,352,735 Rhodesian Selection Trusts and 2,188,532 Roan Antelope shares, not to mention 230,490 Climax Molybdenum shares. These holdings alone, at current market prices, give a break-up value to American Metal of about $54 per common share against the present market value of $47. Other assets bring the value of American Metal to over $65 per common share. Now Selection Trust holds about 27 per cent. of American Metal common stock and when it receives a dividend from this holding it will be paying treble taxation. So it will really endeavour to get American Metal broken-up. The stumbling block is American Metal preferred stock which is convertible but not callable. The holders of American Metal preferred are due to be bribed.

* * *

I have just space to mention that Mr. John Maxwell has written to protest against and reject my figures of the cost of his acquiring control of Gaumont-British. I sincerely hope he will be justified but the proof must wait upon his second announcement. And the proof of the pudding . . .

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. After October. Wed. & Sat.
COLISEUM. The Desert Song. W., Th., Sat.
COMEDY. "All-In Marriage." Tues. & Fri.
DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.
DUCHESS. Murder in the Cathedral. W., Th.
GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. Wed., Th., Sat.
GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Sats.
LYRIC. Charles the King. Thurs., Sats.
PALACE. This'll Make You Whistle. W., S.
PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.
QUEEN'S. Jane Eyre.
ROYALTY. Marigold. Wed., Thurs., Sat.
ST. JAMES'. 'Pride & Prejudice.' Wed., Sat.
ST. MARTIN'S. Till the Cows Come Home. Tues., Fri.
SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Wed. & Sat.
SAVOY. "Going Places—" Thurs. & Sats.
STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Wed., Thurs.
WESTMINSTER. The Wild Duck. Nov. 7.
WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.
WYNDHAM'S. "Mademoiselle." Wed., Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Evgs., 8.30. W., Sat., 2.30 Tem. 6404.
MARY CLARE in
AFTER OCTOBER.
By RODNEY ACKLAND.

COLISEUM, Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.
THE DESERT SONG,
with EDITH DAY and HARRY WELCHMAN.

COMEDY. 8.30. Mats., Tues., Fri., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
"ALL-IN MARRIAGE."
CORA GOFFIN. HARCOURT WILLIAMS.
VIOLET FAREBROTHER. CHRISTINE SILVER.

DRURY LANE. Tem. 7171. 8.0. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
ZENA DARE in
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STORM IN A TEACUP.
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GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVENINGS, 8.15 Sharp.
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FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

LYRIC, Shaftesbury Avenue. (Ger. 3686.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., THURS. & SATS., 2.30.
BARRY JONES. GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES
in **CHARLES THE KING.**
JOYCE KENNEDY. GEORGE MERRITT.

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SOPHIE STEWART in
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ST. JAMES'. (Whitehall 3903.)
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED., SAT., 2.30.
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."
The Jane Austen Novel dramatised by Helen Jerome.

ST. MARTIN'S. TEM. 1443. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.
TILL THE COWS COME HOME.
LESLIE BANKS,
C. V. FRANCE. ADRIANNE ALLEN.

SAVILLE. Tem. 4011. 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
STANLEY LUPINO in
OVER SHE GOES.
Musical Tantivy with LADDIE CLIFF.

SAVOY. PIT UNRESERVED. Tem. Bar 8888.
EVENINGS at 8.30. Mats., THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
ARTHUR RISCOE and JUNE KNIGHT in
"GOING PLACES—"

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